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No. 192.—Vol. XV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 7, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Rita Martin*

LADY AGNES PEEL: A NEW PORTRAIT

Lady Agnes Peel is a daughter of the sixth Earl Beauchamp. She married last year the second son of Viscount Peel, and is a half-sister of Lady Ampthill. Her husband, the Hon. Arthur Peel, was once Clerk of the Treasury

No. 192.—Vol. XV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday August 7, 1907

It seems that Canada has suffered so much from slanders concerning her climate and other conditions that a Bill making such libels punishable is to be introduced into the Dominion Parliament. It will be a fine patriotic Bill, but we are glad we haven't passed a similar one in this country. Otherwise, we should, most of us, be spending this winter—we mean this summer—in gaol.

* * *

The Canadian Meteorological Department will have to be uncommonly wary in its language. Instead of hurricanes, they will have to talk of "the balmy zephyrs that caused the apple crop to be premature." Lightning will become unknown. "The exquisite sky-rocket that electrocuted a Toronto citizen the other day was much admired by residents in the neighbourhood. Those who possessed waterproofs were also greatly struck by the copious showers that followed this bright display." Chilblains will be known to patriots as heat-spots, and a cold in the head might be called a "pepper-pip." The Dominion could adopt as its motto:

> Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer by this Act of Parliament.

And all animals presuming to be Arctic could be exterminated.

* * *

Another failure on the part of the Liberal Government to understand the feeling of the country has to be recorded. "Ouida," whom Sir Henry recently placed on the pension list, is, according to Laffan's Agency, tearing up all cheques received by post.

* * *

News from Korea is reassuring. The Japanese have not annexed the country; they are only substituting Japanese laws, soldiers, and officials for the native ones. Far from being made to feel dependent on others, adult Koreans are actually permitted and even encouraged to lick their own stamps on their own envelopes.

* * *

In its "Diary of the Modes," the *Daily Graphic* states that "One delightful railway suit is made of beige and olive plaid tussore, with a band of olive tussore at the hem, and a coat to match, with a big *bonne-femme* hood over the shoulders lined with beige tussore." We have not ourselves noticed any porters wearing this uniform, but when we do, we shall tip them handsomely. Or perhaps it is only the stokers who have been put into this tunic?

* * *

The same journal has been ventilating the theory that too much fresh air causes canaries to catch cold. Bird-lovers should be careful, if this is so; for to the ordinary person it is quite sufficiently painful to hear canaries singing, even without colds in their heads.

We congratulate the *Chronicle* on its marriage "romance" of last week. It seems that some months ago a young school-girl chased and caught a pick-pocket, and, as a result of reading this in the papers, a gentleman from Lagos came over and married her sister. We are not quite sure which is the romantic part of this tale, but it is tolerably certain that few men would make sure before they married that their sister-in-law was capable of recovering their watch, should it be snatched from them. If they did, where would the burglary insurances come in?

* * *

X-rays are the latest panacea for baldness. "The only bother about them"—says an authority on the subject—"is that, applied in too big doses, the rays are apt to cause burns." Almost anything, however, is better than baldness, and if patients can endure the pain, it is open to question whether the poker-work appearance of their heads would be against them.

Cheerful!

"Well, but how do people get across the stream?"
"I carries 'em, Miss."
"But, my good man, isn't it very dangerous? Have you ever let anyone fall?"
"Well, I *do* drop 'em now an' agin, Miss; but Lor'! they allus gets off with a wettin'!"

(By H. M. Bateman)

RACING NOTIONS

GOODWOOD FEATURES. By "CARBINE"

Society at Goodwood

Delightful as ever was Goodwood last week, though the weather tried hard to interfere with the success of the meeting. Fortunately, the new stands give a great deal more shelter from the rain than was formerly the case at Goodwood, and the occasional showers on the opening day did not do a great deal of harm. But if there is any wind about you generally get it on the Goodwood plateau, and many people were glad of their overcoats on the Stewards' Cup day. The meeting, as a whole, lacks the grandeur and magnificence of Ascot, but socially it ranks little behind the Berkshire gathering, and there was a brilliant muster last week. The King and the Prince of Wales came from Goodwood House with the Duke of Richmond; the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, who are not racing folk in the ordinary way, brought some friends from Arundel Castle; and numberless house-parties within a radius of a dozen miles were entertained for this pleasant meeting.

The Sprint for the Stewards' Cup

The Stewards' Cup is always one of the hardest races of the year of which to find the winner. Fields are invariably big, and in the furious sprint of six furlongs so much depends upon the luck of getting quickly away, and holding a nice place in the race, that calculations are repeatedly upset. This time it was known that Reckless had been searchingly tried at Newmarket, and, with tiny Wootton in the saddle, the filly was made favourite. Almost as well fancied, however, were The Welkin and Pieman; while a strong tip locally was Romney, who is trained at the not-far-distant Arundel stables. True, there was not much in Romney's form to justify confidence, but he had won a trial gallop with some good horses; and it was significant that the stable relied upon him in preference to starting Sophron and Master Hopson.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A Lucky Winner at the Newbury Races

Miss Claire Romaine drawing her £50 winnings from a bookmaker

Romney Wins an Exciting Race

It was a thrilling finish. Pieman had got best away, but a furlong from the end he was collared by Reckless, and the victory of the favourite seemed almost certain. Gradually, however, she was overhauled by Romney. It scarcely seemed possible for Mr. Tom Corn's colt to get up in time, but he gained something at every stride, and, as they flashed past the post, nobody in the stands could say which had won. Romney's last effort had landed him just in front, the judge giving it in his favour by a head, while two lengths behind Reckless came Billidere. The mannikins, who rode the first and second, Watts and Wootton, did all that 6 st. boys could do for their horses, but Wootton is utterly out of luck this year, and it is strange to contrast his present lack of success with the period last season when he was winning race after race. Nothing too good could at that time be said of "baby" Wootton. Now he is often talked about in much less complimentary terms. Such are the ups-and-downs of racing life.

Brighton and Lewes

Comment upon the Goodwood Cup and the other important events of the meeting cannot be made here, for the simple reason that this page went to press before those races were run. One passes, therefore, to the programmes of this week, in which what is known as the Sussex fortnight is being continued at Brighton and Lewes. Writing as far in advance as July 30, one cannot enter very exhaustively into the prospects of the meeting. There seems, however, every likelihood of an interesting race on Wednesday for the Brighton Cup, which may be won by **Lady Hasty**. At Lewes my selections are **Veno** for the Nevill Plate on Friday, and **Bracelet** for the Priory Stakes on the following day, though in the filly's absence this event might be taken by **Corinthian**.

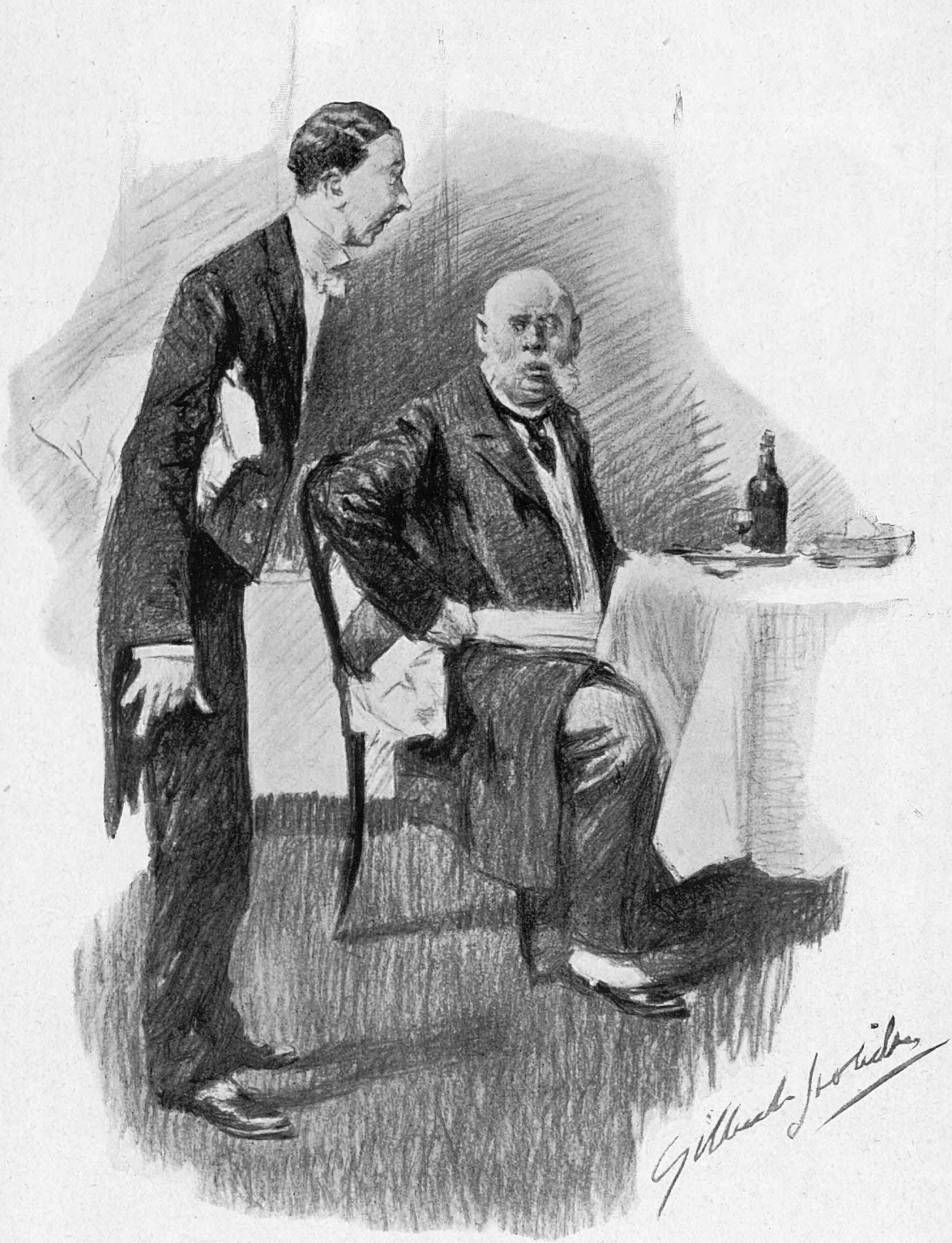
"THE TWELFTH"

Next week's issue will contain an article on

GROUSE-SHOOTING PROSPECTS

Visitors to the Moors should make a special point of obtaining a copy

The Wrong End of the Stick



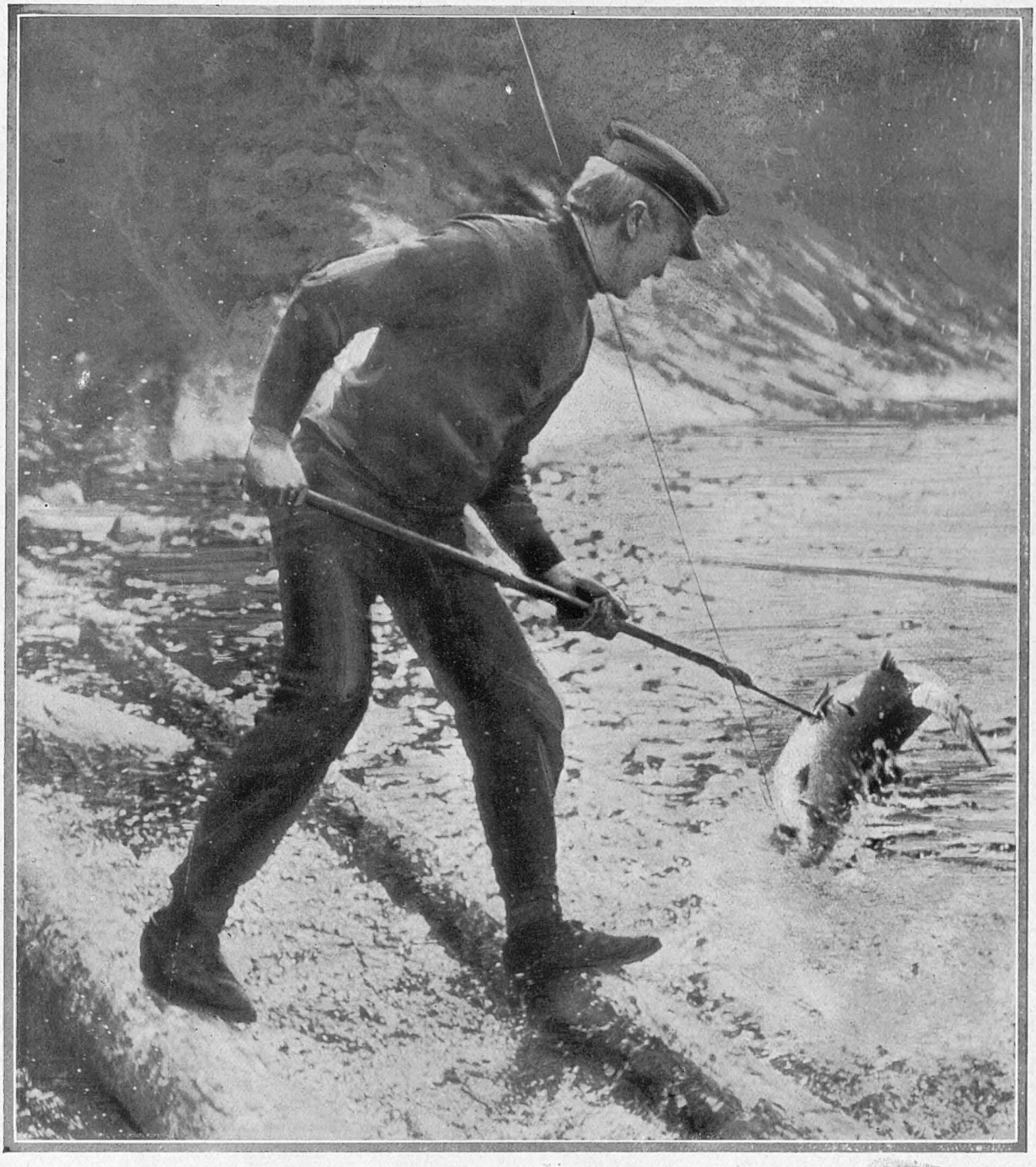
OLD GENTLEMAN: "Waiter! I thought I ordered Spring Chicken and '48 Port?"
WAITER: "Yessir!"
O. G. (*icily*): "Then why have you brought me '48 Chicken and Spring Port?"

BY GILBERT HOLIDAY

The Struggle Begins

The Gentle Art of Salmon Gaffing

A REMARKABLE FISHING SNAPSHOT TAKEN IN NORWAY

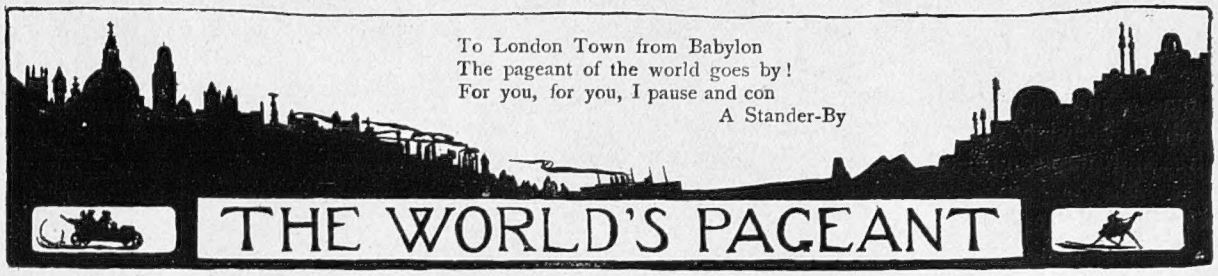


Photos *E. C. Richardson*

The End of the Struggle: The gaffer lands the salmon

These interesting fishing photographs were taken on the River Langen in the South of Norway, and show the fine catch of a youthful fisherman. The large photograph of the gaffing of the salmon is of particular interest, as it is seldom that this action is caught by photographers. The fight with the salmon was a long one, but when secured, it was found to weigh 18 lb., a notable catch for a young angler

"The smile that won t come off!"



Cowes Week

Cowes Regatta is in full swing. The great Solent week, high in fashion's favour, has become an institution, as much a part of the London season as a Court or the Opera. It is a fitting finale, and, as such, a necessary part of the social scheme of things. Given fine weather, the week is the most delightful of the year. Given even bad weather, it is passing pleasant. Short-skirted and veiled, or serged and oil-skinned, what matters a rain-drop more or less? The rain in your face, a little yacht scudding through the waters, a wind "from every quarter at once"—that is real Life, with a capital "L." Only, of course, at Cowes there are other things. There are People. On the Squadron Club lawns, sunshine and a blue sky, and not a breath of wind in the Roads, helps a lot. But for the exquisite view, one might almost imagine oneself at Ranelagh or in the Park. The same people, the same voices, the same chatter. That is Society. An eternal sameness. The scenery varied often. The caste never. So, dear Jupiter Pluvius, please send fine weather to Cowes. It keeps the men on the lawns, and that's so necessary, you know.

* * *

The Glorious Twelfth

Monday is the Twelfth. Only four more days and the little red grouse on the heather will have seen the last of their "winged bliss." Those "vile guns" will range the moors. Ecstasy fills the soul of that arch-destroyer, man. Every year more and more people go North for the Twelfth, and every year the going gets more expensive. "It always costs me £200 to get my establishment up to Scotland," complained the head of one, the other day, "sometimes more." And to the man who shoots on other people's moors the tips are an ever-present nightmare.

* * *

At the Station

To-night, to-morrow night, and Friday night sees the great exodus to the North. The Northern termini, King's Cross, Euston, St. Pancras, are this week the busiest centres in the Metropolis. Everyone starts at night, and everyone, apparently, has more luggage, more dogs, more maids, more men, than everyone else. From seven till midnight the rush continues. Peers palliate porters, peeresses bully guards, millionaires—Rand and a few others—command all the attention going (and there is generally plenty on those "comfy" Northern lines) as well as all the best seats and all THE BYSTANDERS. Ladies' maids, white-faced, demure, and distractingly neat, keep one eye on his lordship's man while they divide the other between her ladyship's toy Pom and her jewel-case, and footmen, conversing calmly with their kind, leave masters eloquently to fret and fume themselves to skeletons.

Not Coming to Cowes!

A snapshot of the Kaiser on board his yacht cruising in the Norwegian Fjords. Perhaps next year we may see H.I.M. at Cowes

* * *

The Awful Results of Tubes!

Tubes are democratic affairs. However, those who from pleasure or duty follow in fashion's wake, cannot quite be blind to the awfulness of the revolution which they have enacted on town life. The Londoner is now, willy nilly, forced to travel at a speed which positively throws out of gear his entire scheme of life. There are few places on the social map which are now not horribly accessible, and to which it is only possible for us to travel at a speed which is downright inconvenient. One has to go to Sandown, to Brooklands, to Ascot — to Henley, to Newbury—to a dozen places to which one must go *viâ* Waterloo or Paddington. Now it seems impossible to reach either place from anywhere with anything like leisure. Thanks to one Tube or another, one is whisked into the turmoil of either terminus before one has had time to wink. The time which one has, for a generation, allowed oneself to get to such places, must now be divided by four. The inevitable result is that one has to loaf. You must get up later; you must dally with your breakfast; you must read one of the penny papers and drop your hasty *Mail* or *Express*. Time which has, in other days, been painlessly killed in the pleasant act of traversing town by means of horse traction must now be slaughtered brutally in the

The "Instantly Ready" Fleet at Cowes

home or in the club, or—worse—in the office. The Tubes, ostensibly delved to hasten us in our daily lives, in reality compel us to profitless lounging.

* * *

The Peril of the Suburbs

While I think of it, too, there is another and a more repugnant aspect of the revolution. Visits to the sometimes inevitable suburbs are so violently facilitated that the old excuse of distance can no longer be veraciously proffered. "Come, dine with us at Hampstead, Finsbury Park, Highgate!" clamours some forgotten relative unrighteously in the West End. The old, old evasive look and hasty excuse as to "time" is instantly squashed. "The Tube brings you to our gates in 7½ minutes from Charing Cross." What can you answer? That you don't take the Tube! That it gives you fits and shocks and short circuits! Yes. That is the only way out of it. Once commit yourself to the underground habit and your life will be shaken to its very foundation.

* * *

Memories of "Randy"

The Churchills seem rather given to memoirs. Last year "young Winston" gave us his life of Lord Randolph Churchill, and now his mother, the accomplished Mrs. George West, *alias* Lady Randolph Churchill, *née* Jennie Jerome, is about to publish her reminiscences. Was it not in "Paradise Lost" that—

What she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best?

Let us hope that in these Memoirs, though every other virtue be present, discretion, at least, will be absent. Discretion is the pitfall of the memoir-writer, for dulness and discretion in this connection are synonymous terms. Indiscreet memoirs are mildly amusing. Discreet, they are maddeningly boring. Dots form a large part of their letterpress. Dottiness often ensues in their readers. As the "divine Theodora" of Lord Beaconsfield, Mrs. West, as Lady Randolph Churchill, lived during the most exciting political period of the later Victorian era. Her memoirs, minus discretion, therefore, can scarcely fail to be of interest.

Photo *Topical Agency*

"Cleaning Up"

Snapshot of an enthusiastic motor yachtswoman (Miss Larkins) personally superintending the preparation of her craft for Cowes Regatta

* * *

The Age of Mammoth Ships

There have lately been launched so many "largest ships afloat" that we are really beginning to wonder if there are any small craft left. On page 271 appear some photographs, which are probably unique, of the final preparations for the launching of the *Bellerophon*, the latest addition to our Navy. By the way, we now know that we have got a Navy, for two hundred ships—said by the scaremongers only to exist on paper—are now anchored in the Solent. The new *Bellerophon*—what a different boat it is from the vessel we are acquainted with in the picture of Napoleon on his way to St. Helena?—is of even greater tonnage than the *Dreadnought*. Her turbines drive four propellers, two on each side, and her engines are of 23,000 h.-p. She is only the second boat of the *Dreadnought* class, and two other leviathans, the *Temeraire* and the *Superb*, will shortly be launched.

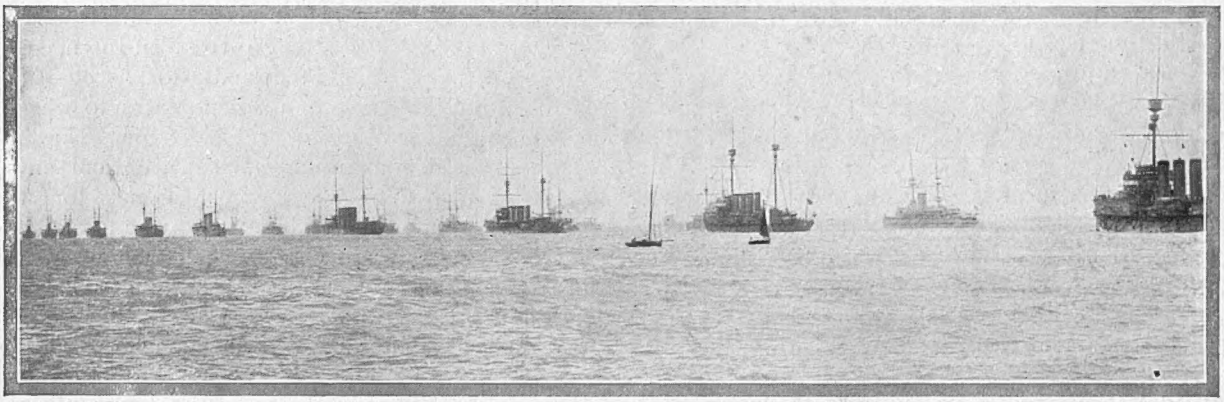


Photo *L.E.A.*

The Home Fleet Steaming to Cowes

In order to remove any doubts that may exist in the public mind as to the existence of a British Navy, the authorities last week hit on the happy idea of parading the Home Fleet in the Solent in the full view of Cowes visitors. Though the Fleet numbers only 180 out of 244 vessels of the official lists, it presented a pretty brave show, and would be "instantly ready" in the event of warlike complications

The Seeings of Tom Browne

"DAY DREAMS"

BY TOM BROWNE

A Semi-Glorious Goodwood

After the "Billy-ruffian," as it is known in the Navy, comes the *Lusitania*, the 32,500 ton and 70,000 h.-p. floating hotel of the Cunard Line. This boat is the very last word in modern sea-going accommodation, and is also fitted with turbine engines. Her special mission in life is to show the German steamship companies that they have not the entire monopoly of the fast American traffic, and from her trial trip round Ireland, which finished last week, there seems every likelihood that she will be successful.

* * *

Tips and Terror

Adverting to shooting topics, there can be no doubt that what keeps many a moderate-incomed shot out of Scotland when the grouse is on the wing is the servants' odious levying of toll. Tipping in the North has become a tax so monstrous that it is now necessary, unless one is exceptionally wealthy, to consider most carefully how many (or how few) invitations to shoot one can afford to accept. One must be no pauper to accept a single one. A fiver to the head-keeper on a great Scotch estate is accepted with about the same grace as is a shilling to a cabby in the South. Loaders, beaters, grooms, gardeners, keepers, footmen, chauffeurs, all exact unmercifully their toll. The toll unpaid, you are earmarked for incivility and inattention. Next year, visiting at the same house, you lose your only train, get a bad place in the shoots, find your guns neglected, and, in a word, miss all the minor comforts which are the greater part of life. As for the indoor servants—well, they are hopeless. They prey chiefly on women. Their victims, as a rule, pay up—and rob the dressmaker. Do they revolt and kick, even ever so feebly, against the pricks, the most trivial, the most irritating annoyances are arranged for them. "Really, I could hardly get a bath," averred a recent victim—"and never my tea, or my letters, or my fire."

* * *

Scotch House-Parties

Between an English and a Scotch house-party there are few points in common. In Scotland, where distances are great, railways slow, and houses twenty or thirty miles from a station, invitations are for a two to three weeks' visit; seldom or never for the traditional Saturday to Monday, or Tuesday to Friday, of the South. The grouse is the first consideration, and everything is subservient to the sport of the moment. Breakfast is early, dinner late, both movable feasts, the saints the shooters, and at both meals there is a certain grand simplicity distinctly refreshing after months of elaborate and lengthy dining in Town. True, simplicity in Scotland is of a rather comparative complexion. Like everything else in this world of shameless shams, it is a pose. The pose of the "little muslin frock" from Beer, of the Place Vendôme; of black oak and century-old silver, and napery woven in a fairy loom; of everything, in fact, save only simplicity. At dinner, the Laird

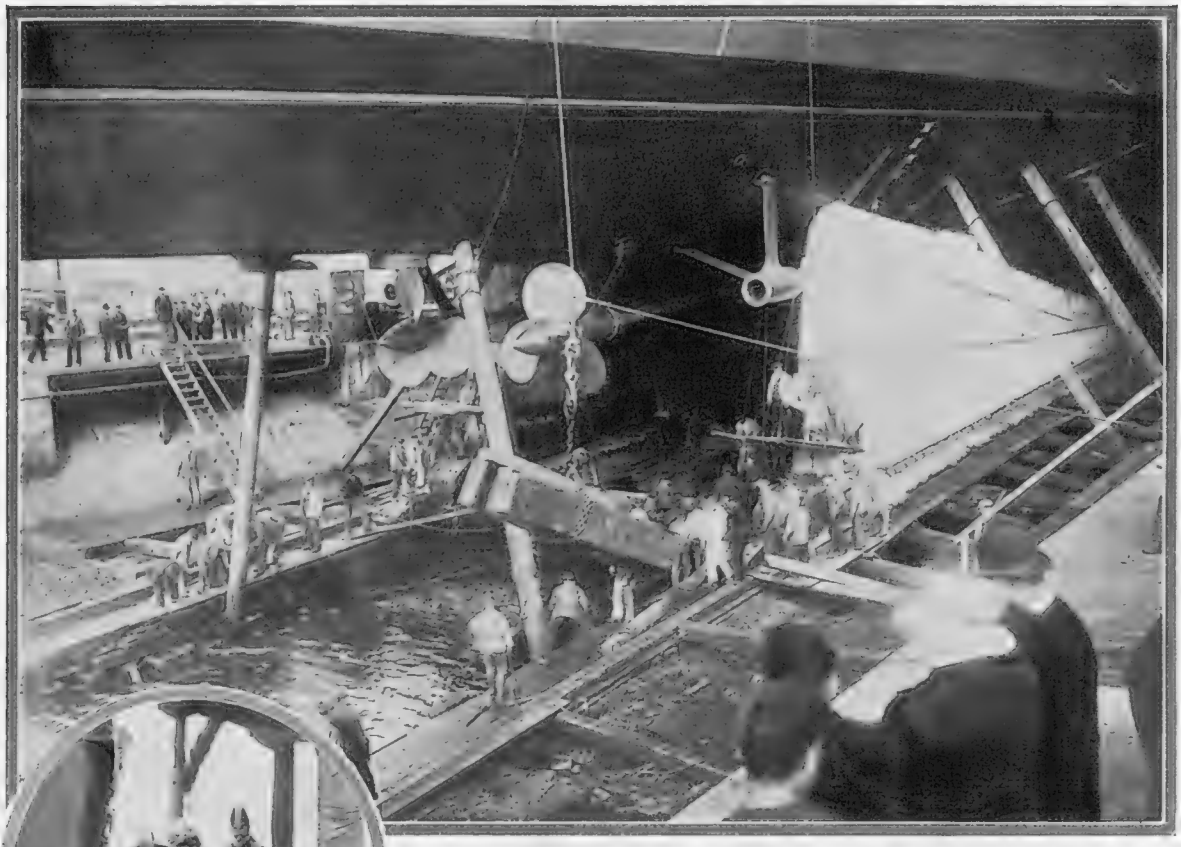
Lord Knaresborough Lord Sandhurst

Duke of Richmond Lord Chesterfield Captain Williams

Photo] **The Serious Side of Goodwood: A highly interesting group of spectators** [*Phillips*

Changeable to variable weather, in which fine and wet conditions alternately gained the mastery, "favoured" Goodwood. The attendance, however, was well up to the average, and the King and the Prince of Wales (not the Queen) were present. In the above group, the most interesting and important figure is that of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the owner of the racecourse and its adjacent estates, who entertained the King and Prince. The Duke's recent successful application in connection with the estates made this a particularly happy "Goodwood" for him and his heir, Lord March

How a Big Launch is Engineered



The Final Preparations for the Launch of H.M.S. "Bellerophon"
Notice the great propellers, which are driven by turbines. The *Bellerophon* is 600 tons heavier than even the giant *Dreadnought*

Photo Parker and Knight
Princess Henry of Battenberg Performing the Christening Ceremony

Photos] **Hundreds of Workmen "Setting Up" the Great Ship** *[Cribb*

Our latest and biggest battleship, the *Bellerophon*, was launched at Portsmouth recently by Princess Henry of Battenberg, and the above photographs show the final preparations for the launching of the monster vessel—probably the first time such a scene has been recorded by the camera. These pictures show the removal of the large blocks from the stern of the vessel, so that the entire weight may fall on the launching-cradle—the white-painted structure. The men are waiting for the bell, on the sound of which they all strike with their hammers at the same moment

A Bishop's Golden Wedding

is in full-dress tartan, jewelled dirk, sporran, and all; the heir an exact copy; and the ladies of noble Northern houses sport in sash and ribbon the tartan of their clan. During dessert, in come those awful, I mean—pardon my Southern tastes—those wildly exhilarating pipers. Round and round the table, instinct with music (?), they go. I could make discords too, so strung-up get my nerves; but my host, the Laird, looks more fatuously benign with every gyration of the creatures, and the chief piper—often the holder of hereditary office—more maddeningly important.

* * *

Trout or Bridge

On wet days, those hopeless wet Scotch days, when white wreaths of mist descend and ascend, and blot out hills and sky, when the rain rains as only real Scotch rain, driven by half a gale of wind, can rain, when it's too wet even to be after the trout, then Bridge is the great stand-by. Wet Scotland is hidden behind drawn curtains, and dry toast is much in demand at breakfast next dewy morn. But when it's fine, ah! then, Scotland is just paradise. All the women go out with the men. Some of them shoot almost as straight, and the chase of the red grouse over the heather goes on all day, with lunch between, till arms and legs are weary, and the prospect of bath and change and dinner seems almost more happiness than you can bear. One is a serious animal in Scotland. Late hours, except on Bridge days, are not kept in Scotland. To bed betimes and up in the morning early are part of the Scotch game, just as porridge at breakfast and trout and haggis at dinner are part of a Scotch menu.

Restless Members

With the approach of the dog days Members of Parliament, especially Irish Members of Parliament, always get restless. They don't seem to like it fine and warm. It unsettles them. The week before Cowes—quite a nice week in comparison with other dreadful weeks this summer—no fewer than four Members resigned. Sir Carne Rasch, most genial of brewery directors, and most staunch of Tories, sent in his resignation—a not unexpected one. Sir Thomas Esmonde, a Nationalist Whip, resigned his office in order to join the Sinn Fein party, and two other Irish Members, the Hon. Edward Blake, the distinguished Member for South Longford, and Mr. C. J. Nolan, Nationalist Member for Leitrim, the one on account of ill-health, the other by request, both sent in their resignations; while Captain Kincaid-Smith, for daring to vote against his Party when he felt that way, was requested to resign his seat for Stratford-on-Avon.

An Informal Sitting: The Bishop of Colchester at the Essex County Meeting

The Bishop of Colchester and Mrs. Johnson celebrate their golden wedding this month, and a portrait of the Bishop, by Mr. A. S. Cope, A.R.A., a gold paten, and a gold cup are among the souvenirs of the occasion already presented to them. The Bishop, like Archbishop Maclagan, started life as a soldier. He was just starting for the Crimea as a Cornet in the Royal Dragoons when peace was declared. He twice rowed in the 'Varsity Eight

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Captain Kincaid-Smith

Captain Kincaid-Smith, the very Independent Liberal Member for Stratford-on-Avon, who has been impelled by his feelings so often to vote against his Government, is the youngest son of the late Major Kincaid-Smith, of Polmont House, Stirlingshire. Thirty-three years of age, he is a brother of the Captain Kincaid-Smith, who, as lieutenant, took part in the Jameson Raid, and he himself served with his regiment, the 9th Lancers, in the South African War. He is related to the Mr. Kincaid-Smith, of Brighton, whose romantic attachment to the wife of a Sussex baronet has of late given the gossips so much to talk about.

The Regatta Next After Henley

SCENES AT MOLESEY

The Final of the Senior Eights at Molesey
The London Club reaches the last corner with a lead of more than a length over Thames. The race was highly exciting

The Presentation of Prizes by Lady Clifton Robinson. Kingston take the Cup

The Crush of boats Between the Races at Molesey

At Molesey, as at Henley, the "spectators" are themselves more of a spectacle than the races. Of the 20,000 people who lined the banks at Molesey last Saturday week, probably the majority were far more concerned with watching the interesting antics of their fellows afloat than the events of the Regatta. At nowhere more than at Molesey is the London "river-girl" and her beflannelled male companion seen to more glorious advantage. If less "smart" than Henley, Molesey is more truly reflective of London life afloat than the great carnival further up stream

A Meal at Miles's

Food Reform and Some Duchesses

Mr. Eustace Miles is in luck. The one thing necessary has been vouchsafed him. He has become "smart." A Duchess—two Duchesses—have lunched their friends at his restaurant. A paper—two papers—have given a list of guests and the menu in full. Very soon, no longer shall we lunch at Jules', tea at Rumpelmayer's, dine at the Ritz, and sup at the Savoy. There will be one place only to which it will be possible to go. It will be in Chandos Street, at the Eustace Miles Restaurant, and mock ham, imitation salmon, protose cutlets, and proteid ice-pudding will be our "Roast Beef of Old England." If Mr. Eustace Miles wants to grow opulent with that opulence which is reserved for successful *restaurateurs*, he may now do so. The Duchess of Portland lunched, at his restaurant, her sister-Grace of Marlborough, Lady Kenmare, Lady Cynthia Graham, Lady Desborough, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Lord Revelstoke, and some others. Did she know that by so doing she killed two birds with one stone as it were, *i.e.* lunched her friends and incidentally laid the foundations of a fortune for E. M.? I guess not, as the Marlborough Duchess remarked at this same party. But she did, all the same and nevertheless.

* * *

Aristocratic Vegetarians

Quite a lot of people whose names are in Debrett are vegetarians. In addition to those before mentioned there is the Duchess of Bedford, Lady Henry Somerset, Lady Plymouth, Lady Paget, Lady Gwendolen Herbert, Lady Isabel Margetson, the Marchioness of Anglesey, Lady Drogheda, and Lady Helen Lacey. Male food-reformers include Lord Charles Beresford, Lord Home, Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower, and Lord Drogheda. Among others, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. C. B. Fry, Mr. E. F. Benson, and Sir John Durston are, if not rabid reformers, at any rate sympathetic upholders—while there is, of course, always Mr. Bernard Shaw. The headmaster of Eton, the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lyttelton, is a well-known vegetarian. It only remains for the King to abjure all flesh—then the cult would be complete. We should all join at once, and the meat-eater would be mentally pitched to the uttermost depths of the—middle-classes.

* * *

The Ideal Summer Restaurant

The *chic* restaurant of the moment is often, from a gastronomic point of view, wanting—the resort of the *jeunesse dorée* rather than of the epicure. If ever I am called upon to give my vote for the ideal restaurant, where one's inward wants are really artistically catered for, I do not doubt but that the Savoy will receive it. I still remember with pleasure the *sole au vin de Richebourg* which M. Renaud inspired for me the other night. The music and the decoration of the tables are all charming accessories to the more serious business of raising an appetite, with M. Renaud's aid. In the dog days the Savoy Restaurant is decidedly the most comfortable place wherein to spend a Sunday or any other evening. Its winter garden, by-the-by, is shortly to be greatly enlarged.

Photo] **Mr. Eustace Miles in his restaurant at Charing Cross** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Mr. Miles—who is alternately known as the Nut King, the Bean Emperor, and the Milk Khan—is in regular attendance at his now popular restaurant in Chandos Street. Only the other day he regaled on proteids and pulses (the chief constituents of the Miles menu) a luncheon-party including two duchesses, a peer, three peeresses, and Mr. Balfour. Afterwards, it is said, they all went for a ride on one of the new Tubes, and made a day of it. Mr. Miles is a genial man, despite his dietetic austerities and the profound responsibilities of contesting annually, and sometimes winning, the Amateur Tennis Championship

The King at Newbury

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

His Majesty's visit to Newbury Races on Saturday, the 27th ult., greatly delighted local sportsmen. This was his first visit to the new course. Behind him is Lord Carnarvon

Newbury Summer Meeting

I wonder if the King has any idea how much pleasure he gave to his people by being present on Saturday at the second day of the Summer Meeting at Newbury. It was the first time his Majesty had honoured this new course with his presence. On Friday the natives were looking forward to his coming; on Saturday they were bubbling over with excitement at his being there; and, after the unusual cheering on his arrival had subsided, many pleasing remarks were overheard. One man "thought his Majesty was much taller"; another only uttered an uncontradicted generalism, "There *is* a man, if you like!" A dear old lady, with old-fashioned, grey corkscrew curls, sat on tne lawn near the Royal box, and cast many loving and admiring glances that way. It was all a great success! The King came by a "special." He walked up the members' covered way from the new Racecourse Station to the Royal box between Lord Carnarvon and the veteran trainer, Mr. John Porter, and as he passed near me I heard him say, "The Great Western run so well"—a remark I could thoroughly endorse, as no matter whether I wished to talk, sleep, or write, I could do so with equal ease during the hour we took to do the distance of fifty-seven miles.

* * *

"Just Like Any Other Person"

His Majesty watched the first race from a seat just to the side of the Royal box, which he and one of the ladies near him themselves took hold of to move into position. Needless to say, they were not allowed to do more than touch it! But it gave much pleasure, his sitting there "just like any other person," as one of the "natives" remarked. The racing was full of exciting little bits; but was alas! very disastrous for "backers," only one favourite getting home first in the two days. An old friend of mine, "Balgriggan," got one "out" in the last race, and I overheard a disgusted loser saying that a friend of his had the tip, he supposed, from a "touting sharp," and had got back all his losses on the two days. Lucky friend. But why be so sick about it? It is useless so late in the season to discuss frocks and frills. Many well-known women were present, some in pretty gets-up, some in ugly, some dresses were clean, many were dirty, they all sat, walked, and ate in the usual fashion; but it was a gay scene. All the stands were packed, and the general public took advantage of the reduced entrance fee to line the course several deep, and I am sure the executive must have been pleased at the results of their record meeting.

* * *

The "Proms"

Though holidays are now the main topic, there still remain in Town during August a few millions—though they are not exactly cool millions. It is well to remind such as these that Mr. Newman's admirable Promenade Concerts open on the 17th inst., and continue, under Mr. H. J. Wood's direction, until nearly the end of "chill" October.

Photographers at Play

Photographers on Pleasure Bent

The guests arriving at the garden-party given by Mr. Alfred Watkins (President) and Mrs. Watkins to the Royal Photographic Convention at Hereford. The camera was, it seems, not absent from the proceedings, even though they were of a festive nature

An Aristocratic Nationalist

Sir Thomas H. Grattan Esmonde has for long been the head of the aristocratic wing of the Nationalist movement. He now declares allegiance only to Sinn Fein, for England, he says, "will never give Home Rule for the asking," and Ireland, no colony, but a Sovereign nation, "should give up begging in a foreign Legislature for the restoration of her liberties." A great-grandson of that famous Home Ruler, Henry Grattan, Sir Thomas, a large landowner and a popular Wexford landlord, traces descent from the Sir Geoffrey de Estmonte, who accompanied Strongbow in his invasion of Ireland in 1172, and whose descendant, Lawrence Esmonde, Major-General of the King's Forces in Ireland, was made a peer in 1622.

A Forgotten Baron

That Sir Thomas Esmonde is baronet, not baron, is accounted for thus: The first baron, a Protestant, married a sister of the O'Flaherty, Dynast of Iar Connaught, a devout Catholic. Lady Esmonde, fearing that her son would be brought up a heretic, fled from her husband and returned to her family in Connaught. Lord Esmonde, with the characteristic light-heartedness of his countrymen, took her desertion with the utmost indifference, and soon after married another lady. When he died, Ireland was undergoing one of her periodical states of unrest. No one found time or energy to point his little son's claims to the title, so it lapsed. The boy, however, gained a title—though only a baronetcy—on his own, so to speak. He fought in the armies of Charles I., and was created in 1628 first baronet of the present line. The election for Sir Thomas's constituency will certainly be the most momentous Ireland has lately witnessed.

His Ideal Holiday

If you asked the average photographer what was his favourite form of holiday-making, he would probably reply "photography." The 'busman, whose vacation is spent riding on a fellow-driver's 'bus, is no keener on his profession than is the average knight of the camera. However, even photographers have their lighter moments. The Photographic Convention of Great Britain may be a most serious lot of people in every-day life, but when they are on their annual holiday they take life gaily. The President for 1907, Mr. Alfred Watkins, and Mrs. Watkins gave a most enjoyable garden and water-party at their house at Hereford, where the Convention met last week. Some amusing snapshots were taken by Mr. Seaman—mounted on a stump of a tree—who caught many of the company "refreshing," a pleasant process on a broiling day such as it was.

Photos *Seaman*

Photographers on Pleasure Bent

Knights (and Dames) of the Camera take refreshment in the garden of Mr. Watkins, President of the Royal Photographic Convention at Hereford. This snapshot was taken by a guest from a stump of an adjoining tree

Some Quaint Mounts: A PRIVATE ZOO IN ENGLAND

1. Two fine llamas

2. An ostrich mount

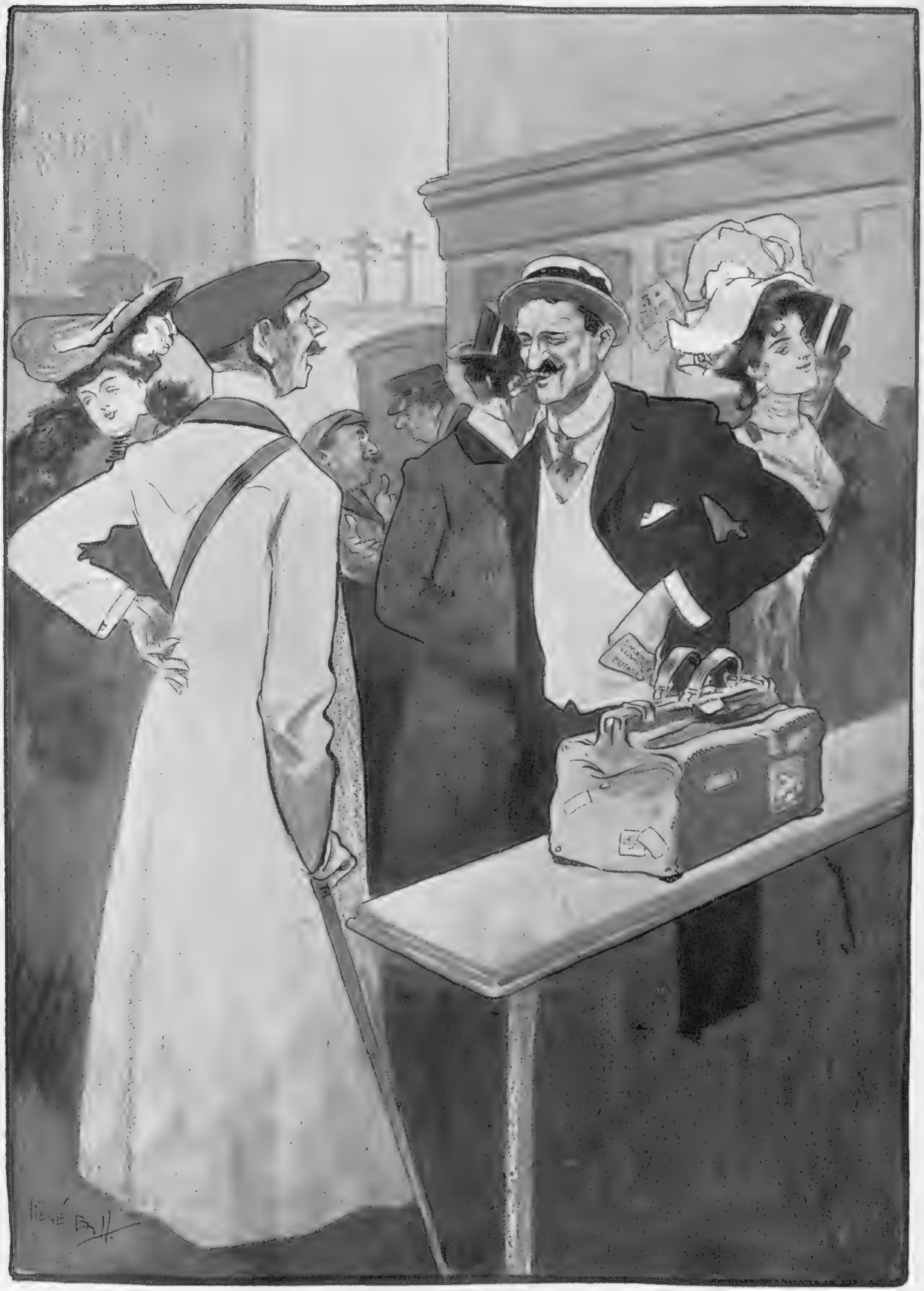
3. How the bird is steered

4. A Camel Corps. The animal in the centre is an Arabian camel, and the two others are Bactrians

Photos *Wingfield*

There are several private menageries in different parts of the country, notably that of the Hon. Walter Rothschild at Tring, which the King visited the other week. It is unusual, however, for any practical use to be made of the animals, such as has been done by Mr. A. W. Wingfield, at his private Zoo at Ampthill. The two llamas, which, of course, are natives of Peru, carry as well as ponies, while the ostrich is an ideal mount. It can be ridden about anywhere in the fields and garden, but has not yet been tried on the road. The bird is guided either by the hand or a small stick. It is fed on grass, stale bread, and greens, such as cabbage and lettuce, and seems to be quite acclimatised, its stable only being heated in very cold weather. Of the camels, the animals with two humps are Bactrians, while the centre one is an Arabian camel or dromedary

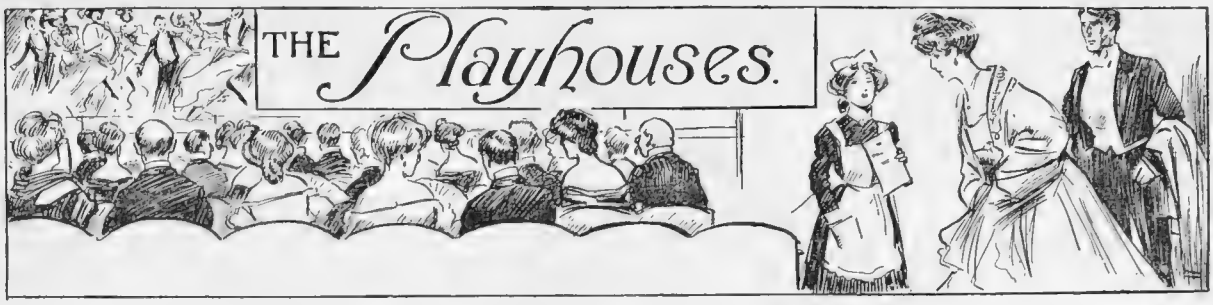
Ha! Ha! Ha! THE BANK HOLIDAY WAG



Scene: Any Cloak-room at any Terminus
Time: The August Bank Holiday

THE WAG: "Hello, old man! I'm out of an engagement"
FRIEND: "Hard luck. How's that?"
THE WAG: "Married this morning! . . . . . ."

BY RENÉ BULL



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

THE HAYMARKET

It is not often that managers are so lavish in staging a curtain-raiser as Mr. Frederic Harrison has been in the case of Mr. Michael Morton's playlet, *Charlie the Sport.* The rural scene representing the approach to the races savoured quite of an act in a play of the evening. This is a move in the right direction. The English people has too long hugged the delusion that quantity rather than quality is the proper return for their money. There is a class of playgoer—a large class—which thinks a good solid play which makes them yawn is a better investment than a play fashioned more slenderly which permits them to arrive home before the usual hour. If a manager puts up three little plays in an evening's bill, each of them a gem of literary (and play-writing) achievement, these greedy playgoers, however great the enjoyment they derived from the bill of fare, would be inclined to grumble at the meagreness of it. Hence any tendency on the part of managers to pay respect to the one-act play is a lesson to voracious playgoers. It teaches them that the play in one act can be written with as much art as the play in three acts. To stage a curtain-raiser as *Charlie the Sport* is staged is at once an encouragement to the gourmet in dramatic fare and a reproof to the gourmand. Unfortunately, Mr. Michael Morton's newly adapted playlet is hardly worth the lavish manner in which it is mounted. The hero, indeed, belongs to a confraternity which is very popular upon the boards these days. He is a pickpocket, and, as a cousin (not far removed) of the burglar, naturally excites more interest and sympathy than an archbishop could hope to do. Still, the sentimental interest which surrounds, like a halo, the stage doings of those who are the natural enemies of society is, in this case, somewhat overdone. We are glad to know that a pickpocket is endowed with all the finer feelings; but, when he allows his rival to carry off his best girl, we cannot help feeling that he has mistaken his vocation. Instead of being a pickpocket, he ought to have been a door-mat, so that divers people might wipe their feet on him.

Photo *Morrison*

Miss Beverly Sitgreaves

The well-known American actress, who is at present in London, and who is likely to be seen once more at a West-End theatre in the autumn

HOODOOS AND MASCOTS

Superstition flourishes in the theatrical profession to an extent hardly credited by the general public. I have heard stories of "hoodoo" theatres which would not only raise the hairs upon your head, but would make you understand the mystery which shrouds at times the announcement that a manager is looking in vain for a theatre when you yourself know of two which are unoccupied. The fact is that some theatres for long periods remain under a spell which fine plays and competent players are alike unable to banish. Then, hey presto! the spell is removed, and nothing can go wrong in those theatres. Indifferent plays are produced in them and enjoy long runs. The "hoodoo" spell is lifted from these theatres—and put upon others. There are "hoodoo" actors as well as theatres. Needless to remark, this paragraph is one in which the writer can name no names. But it is common talk among the superstitious in the profession—and there are many—that certain names in a cast are quite sufficient to impel those in the know to prophesy failure. An innocent little paragraph in the papers quite recently was read by those behind the scenes with broad grins. The paragraph merely gave the cast of a new production at a certain theatre. The joke merely lay in the fact that the theatre and at least three of the players were "hoodoo." The point of the joke, if point it can be called, is that the play ran for about a fortnight.

Now we come to the reverse and bright side of the medal. The pole of a "hoodoo" is a mascot. I know a certain young lady with laughing eyes and a beauty which is commonly referred to as "quite the English type, you know." She is not much of an actress. She has much to learn of her art, which she shows not the faintest intention of learning. But when she appears, the audience to a man falls in love with her. Moreover, during an experience of four years, she has played barely half a dozen rôles. When she appears, the wiseacres at a first-night say, "This play will run for a dead 'cert.'" I happen to know that her salary is out of all proportions to her talents. But she is a mascot. If I were a manager

about to produce a play, and, like the majority of managers in this state, haunted by doubts of its success, I would have the author-man write in a rôle of three lines and a smile, and engage this young lady to play it.

A REVIVAL OF FARCE?

Signs are not wanting that there will be a welcome revival of farce this season. Mr. Hubert Druce has set the ball rolling with *The Pocket Miss Hercules*. Prior to this production, *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past* was revived, and is going strong. By the time these lines appear, *A Night Out*, that hilarious adaptation (as I recall it) from the French, will be playing at the Criterion Theatre. It is a long time since three farces appeared in the list of West-End attractions. I think the decline of farce may be traced to the rise of audiences. During the last decade play-goers have been subjected to the dominion of too, too cultivated minds. Little bands of soulful people have arisen whose doctrines upon the drama have caused honest folk to feel rather ashamed of themselves. These superior people have decried farce as dramatic fare for dullards. Nothing lower than comedy which holds the mirror up to life contents them. "It is the duty of dramatists" (they have preached) "to take human people and to dissect their passions and motives upon the stage, not to invent impossible situations for preposterous characters." Now, one must often have been struck by the fact that charlatans have abounded in the learned professions. Poets have sung of, and dramatists have caricatured, the noodles who have imposed upon their fellow-mortals by a show of wisdom. At the risk of hurting the feelings of those who have headed "movements" among their fellow-theatregoers I must state that for every ounce of truth they have spread pounds of folly. Your truly learned man generally possesses a keen sense of the ridiculous. He does not deem it derogatory to his dignity to laugh at absurdities, whether they exist in the portrayal of a character or the development of a situation. I see signs of a rebellion against the doctrines of the self-styled cultured people. The "souls" abound in play-going as well as in literary circles. Poor "souls." It is their fate to appear in the end a thousand times more ridiculous than the stage characters against whom they have inveighed. So here's to the revival of good honest farce. What matter if "superior" people grieve so long as the ordinary man is amused. In a notice of the revival of *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past*, one of the critics expressed a doubt whether any of the younger authors could turn out so amusing a farce as Sir Francis Burnand's. I am inclined to agree with this critic. If, however, there is a young man still unknown to fame with a shelf piled high with farces, written in the old days when farces were in vogue, I should advise him to dust down a few of them, and send them the round of the managers. E. C. S.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

"The Pocket Miss Hercules" at the New Royalty

Mr. Fred Wright as Herr Ferdinand Falarope.
Mr. Norman Trever as Dick Bower

Miscellanea

Mr. Otho Stuart has migrated from the Adelphi to the Court Theatre, where, on September 25, he will present a new three-act comedy by Messrs. Gayer Mackay and Robert Ord, entitled *Barry Doyle's Rest-Cure*. The piece is exceptionally light, and deals with life both in town and the country, and should prove very amusing. Included in the cast will be found Messrs. Graham Browne, Holmes Gore, E. W. Garden, and C. M. Lowne; and Mesdames Carlotta Addison, Beatrice Terry, and Rose Musgrove. Miss Musgrove is a daughter of Mr. George Musgrove, and until quite recently has been playing in musical comedy. I remember seeing her last autumn in the part of Eliza in the *Dairymaids* on tour. Hers was a delicious piece of acting, and she should prove a great success at the Court.

Tom Jones finished at the Apollo on Saturday. The piece will commence a tour at Blackpool on August 19, with many of the West-End company. The Misses Ruth Vincent and Carrie Moore and Mr. Dan Rolyat will be found in their original rôles.

When *Brewster's Millions* comes to the Duke of York's, Miss Pauline Chase will be seen in a little piece entitled *A Little Japanese Girl*, which is to provide the curtain-raiser.

With its brilliant and varied programme and airy auditorium, the London Pavilion, which is equipped with a sliding roof, is a pleasantly cool house of amusement in which to spend a hot summer's evening. At present, Simon, Gardner and Co. are the principal draw, and Albert Le Fré and the Harmony Four, both excellent turns, remain in the bill.

The London Hippodrome, also the lucky possessor of a sliding roof, is another rendezvous for theatre-goers in the warm weather. The *Zuyder Zee* is proving a tremendous attraction. It could hardly do otherwise, all the characters are so admirably portrayed. Miss May Moore Duprez, as Gretta, brings down the house at each performance with her vivacious acting. A unique turn has been secured in the Black Hussars, and the Clown Pinta, with his wonderful trained geese, is making his first appearance in England here. R. M.

A Scene in "The Pocket Miss Hercules"

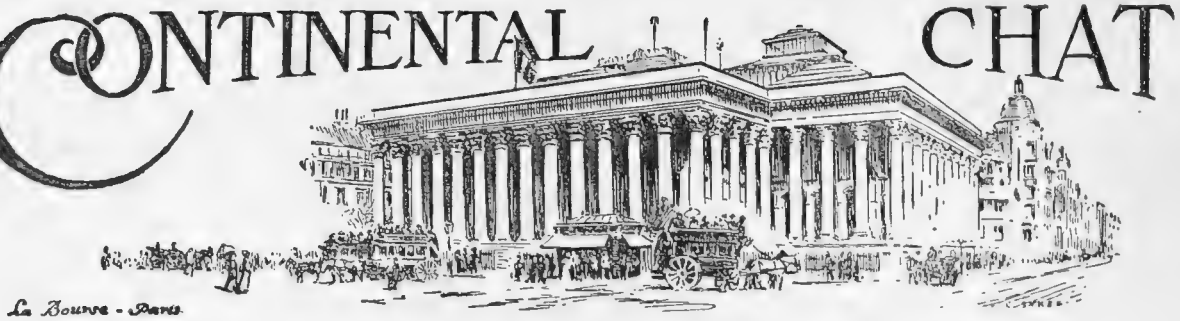
AT THE NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Esmé Hubbard as Daisy Faye

"Never, never, did I think I would have to be told how to attract a man"

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Flight to the Waters

King Edward leaves London for Marienbad early next week. In his wake run the usual crowd, the crowd which finds that nice little game "Follow my leader" more engrossing than all else in heaven or earth. "It is hopeless," grumbled the "King of Marienbad," Dr. Ott, last year. "They bring their Bridge, their dinners, their late nights with them. The cure doesn't get a chance." As in Scotland, early to bed and early to rise is his prescription. Of late years, since its tide of favour swept in, it has been an almost hopeless task trying to enforce it in Marienbad.

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To Get Fat—Not Thin

When I went to Marienbad I went to get fat, not thin. Most people seem to think one goes only to dispose of undue adipose tissue, and, of course, most visitors do. But the other way round it is much more delightful. In the little town, 2,000 ft. above sea level, nestling in the midst of mysteriously lovely forests, cake-shops abound. In these one's doctors invite one (you pay) liberally to browse (part of the fat people's cure being to watch you devouring German *küchen* of the most entrancing description); and in milk, the creamy variety which comes down from Tepler Stift, one is earnestly requested, if possible, to wallow. Laziness, taken by the ton, and steel baths complete the "thin" cure, and these last are perhaps the nicest part of it. The water, though chilly, contains so much carbonic gas, and is so invigorating, that it is like bathing in Heidsieck Dry Monopole.

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At Aix and Homburg

Homburg, like Marienbad, is so fashionable that no one keeps any rules. Six is the hour prescribed for the early morning walk and drink under the chestnut trees, but people other than Germans never turn up until eight. At Aix, on the other hand, the cure is the first and last business of life, though even there many diversions are interspersed. The Duchess of Devonshire, Georgiana, Lady Dudley, Lord Spencer,

Sinaia, the Summer Home of the Roumanian Royal Family in the Carpathians, where the Court is now in residence

A Roumanian Royal Retreat

The "Nest" of the Crown Princess of Roumania in the Woods at Pelesch, near Sinaia

When Roumanian Royalties take holidays their Sandringham is Sinaia, the exquisite rural retreat of the Royal Family in the Carpathians. "Carmen Sylva," the aged Queen, is devoted to the spot, while her daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess (the beautiful daughter of the late Duke of Coburg), finds frequent rest in the curious little nest shown in the picture. Built on poles fixed to the tall pine trees, whose branches surround it, the nest is indeed an idyllic retreat, either in winter or summer

Lady Gosford, and the Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane are regular cure-takers at Aix. Five o'clock is the morning hour prescribed for one's "dip" and massage. If you're late you lose your chance of both, so you are early. The bath over, you are wrapped in hot blankets, carried full tilt through the streets in a *chaise-à-porteurs*, and incontinently tipped out when you arrive at your hotel. Anent which, by the way, some stories which, as the Girton girl on geometry said, "I am not at liberty to disclose."

* * *

Aix Amusements

When it's hot at Aix one climbs Mont Rénard. When it's cool there are lovely motor drives to Tresserne, Chambéry, or Annecy. Aix, indeed, is a heaven for motorists. The roads are splendid, level, and of grey granite. No licences are required, and I never heard any mention of a speed limit, though doubtless they will invent one this year if Lord Caledon travels Aix-wards. In the two casinos—the Grand Cercle and the Villa des Fleurs—baccarat is the prevailing attraction. Play runs high in August and September; while lawn tennis, pigeon shooting, and boating on the beautiful Lac Bourget are the more innocent diversions.

* * *

The Hague Conference

The Hague at present is crammed full of people who are expecting something to happen; and hardly anything does happen. Most of the delegates seem to have come with the "watching brief": they all lie in wait for the chance of somebody being more indiscreet than they are. The only people indiscreet enough to propose anything are from South America, and the only people to criticise them seem to be from Roumania, Servia, Switzerland, Luxembourg, and other small States. When the big States have anything to say, it is either a very vigorous assertion of the obvious or else a sort of trickery to catch each other nodding.

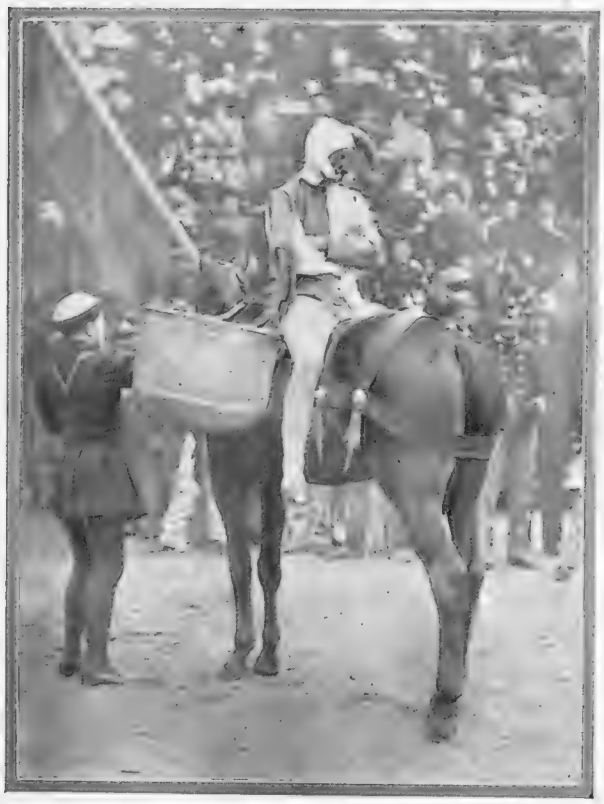

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Jester at the Bruges Pageant

It seems that England, after all, has not the monopoly of the Pageant, for last week Bruges had a reproduction of the famous Tourney of the Golden Tree, held in 1468 in honour of the marriage of Charles the Bold of Burgundy and Margaret, Duchess of York

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The Congo Campaign

The campaign against King Leopold seems to be subsiding. I have just had a chance of speaking with a friend of the late H. M. Stanley, and, if I may draw conclusions from it, I should say that he would have said to his assailants, "Do thou otherwise." It seems that Central Africa is a terrible corruptor of Europeans; when a man rises in the morning and retires into his tent at night without knowing whether he will not be struck down by a poisoned arrow or a malignant fever, he grows very callous to human life. For instance, a group of natives on his path who will not, because they don't know why, break up, are a danger, and the only way to disperse them is to frighten them. Hence, sometimes cold-blooded murder is committed as a necessity of self-defence. I hear that the agitation on the Congo atrocity question is subsiding because men are beginning to realise this. Perhaps they are equally wrong on other points of the agitation — who knows? Perhaps we shall find that the King has not, after all, made such colossal profits out of the Congo. Everybody, however, does know that he has spent an enormous amount of money in its earlier years in keeping the administration afloat. I often wonder whether it does not occur to reformers that there are atrocities in the East End of London; that if they were to attend to the housing of the poor at home, the starvation of thousands of unemployed deliberately manufactured by even the State, they might really be doing some good for their country, and with some knowledge obtained at first hand.

* * *

The Egyptian Dinner

In connection with the *Entente Cordiale*, it was rather interesting to listen to the speeches at the dinner given to the Egyptian delegates at the Métropole last Friday. Dr. Clark spoke as if he were a Frenchman in the old days before the *Entente*, pitching into the English and Lord Cromer; and the man who answered him was the pioneer of the *Entente*, Sir Thomas Barclay. Strange to say, the Egyptians seemed to side with the latter, and not with their impetuous champion, though Sir Thomas had the cruelty to point out that the liberties of the Egyptians were necessarily limited by the needs of an occupation which must last as long as the Suez Canal remains the route to our Asiatic dependencies. The Egyptians would say of Dr. Clark, I suppose, "Oh, save me from my friends!"

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY?

Ostend for the Little Ones And the Big Ones

The Children's Corner of the Digue at Ostend

The Belgian watering-place has so often been apostrophised as a refuge for the mature pleasure-seeker that it is sometimes forgotten that it also affords every delight desired by the little ones. Its sands are none the less "diggable" because they are the rendezvous of cosmopolitans on mixed bathing bent

Mixed, Yes! But is it Bathing?

"A little walk, a little talk"

THE "MISS-EN-S

The men, covered with costumes fiercely striped, survey, as they plash knee-deep through t machines. There are hardier spirits abroad, of course. Some of these may be seen braving the days, men have, within the memory of the Ostend fisher-folk and longshoremen, been seen however, is, generally speaking, an amphibious pastime with

BETWEEN THE SPRINKLES

Sitting it out

THE SUDDEN AND UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF THAT

How they do it at Giddy Ostend

-EN-SCÈNE"

ough the rough, rude sea, the forms of fair bathers coming from and going into their ng the angry surf a little to the left, regardless of the dangers of getting wet. On smooth n seen even further out still, actually swimming or appearing to swim. Mixed bathing, with more of the land than the water element about it

Wallflowers

BETWEEN THE SPRINKLES

THAT MONSTROUS WILDFOWL, THE PHOTOGRAPHER

To bathe, or not to bathe?

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY?

Beautiful Haunts in Devon

Photos *C. Winter-Wood*

Among the Moors and Vales of Devon: Fingle Bridge, Dartmoor

This spot is one of the most beautiful in the picturesque valley of the Teign. Just above the bridge the sides of the valley seem to fit into one another like the teeth of a gin, while the river writhes below between stones covered with coppice or heath and heather. Devon, the home of so many of the most famous men in English history, possesses a compelling charm, specially attractive to those in need of change and rest

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY?

Beautiful Haunts in Ireland

Photos *E. Shrubsole*

In Old Donegal: On the River Erne, near Ballyshannon

Donegal is a district beloved of the fisherman, for in the waters of its numerous and picturesque rivers are to be found the catches which delight his heart. Brown trout in plenty are to be found in the upper pools of these streams, besides sea-trout and salmon, Ballyshannon being particularly famous for the latter fish. Besides being fairly accessible and providing excellent sport, most of the Donegal streams are quite free

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES.—Nos. 88 and 89

By WINIFRED JAMES

(*Author of "Bachelor Betty"*)

No. 88—

THE LOT OF WOMAN

Miss Winifred James

Among our Colonial writers of the present day, none show more promise than Miss Winifred James, whose book, "Bachelor Betty" (Constable: 6s.), recently published, has created so much favourable comment on the part of the reviewers. The following stories are delightful specimens of this writer's style and grace in dealing, firstly, with the serious and pathetic, and, secondly, with the light and humorous

ON a low chair, in an attic, a child sat feeding a battered, snub-nosed doll with a weak mixture of flour and water diluted to resemble milk. In the far corner of the room was a truckle bed on which a black kitten, dressed rather unusually in a white frock, with blue shoulder-knots, and a closely fitting woollen bonnet, lay sleeping peacefully.

Presently the child put down the spoon, and wiped the doll's mouth. "You have had enough," she said gently; "you must go to sleep now like a good little baby."

Pressing the waxen head close to her bosom, she began to croon softly, swaying her small body to and fro as she sang:—

> Slumber, slumber, dearest, sweetest treasure!
> Rocked so gently in thy mother's arms!

When the lullaby was ended, she rose, and, tip-toeing over to the bed, laid the doll beside the sleeping kitten, and stood motionless, with her hands clasped, watching.

As she watched, a shadow fell across her face, and into her eyes came an expression of pain and fear that belongs to a world older by a score of years than her own. It was as if the door of the future had opened suddenly and she had caught a glimpse of, without actually understanding, the sorrow that was to come.

She dropped on her knees, with her eyes fixed on the unconscious playmates. "Oh, love me, love me," she whispered passionately, with her teeth set and her little hands clenched. "Love me, I want it so!"

She waited and watched, but there was no response. Then she struck the sleeping kitten a blow with her small fist. It woke and mewed. Her face lighted with an almost fierce glow of joy.

In an agony of tenderness she took it in her arms and comforted it.

"Oh, my kitten," she whispered, "don't you know I never hurted you 'cos I was angry with you? I was loving you, and I wanted you to love me. I wanted to make you feel, and so I just hurted you so that I could be sorry and love you all the more afterwards, *'cos* I'd hurted you. You understand, don't you, little cat?"

She gazed hungrily into the absurd whiskered face inside the bonnet as if expecting an answer.

And it was almost as if the kitten did understand, for it lifted a lace-frilled paw, rested it on the child's hand, closed its eyes, and purred contentedly.

The look of unchildlike pain gave place to one of ineffable happiness. "You did know," she said exultingly, "you are my own darling little live thing wot understands wot I say to it. Oh, oh, oh!" and she pressed it to her as if her heart would burst.

A voice came up the stairs.

"Lexie, are you up there in the cold?"

"Yes, mummy."

"Come down, dear, I want you to go out with me for a walk."

"Yes, I will be there d'reckly." She hastily undressed the kitten and put it back on the bed.

"Good-bye for a while, little kitten," she said joyfully, "you know I love you, don't you?" and she skipped happily down the stairs.

. . . . .

The wind scampered about the sloping garden, tossing pale green trailers of willow against a bright blue ocean of sky, foaming with billows of rain-burdened clouds.

It rioted through the lilac bushes, thick with purple-budded clusters, that only awaited a few more kissings from the sun to make them yield up the fulness of their riches; and it climbed up into the plum trees, scattering showers of blossom snow upon the soft young grass beneath.

Right out on the horizon, across a heterogeneous mass of towers, chimney stacks, and fir trees, lay the hills, the distant ridges only a faint blue wash against the sky, the nearer ranges dappled with long violet shadows that shifted with every gleam of sun or passing cloud.

Under the shade of one of the willows a girl sat with her hands clasped behind her head, dreaming.

It seemed to her, in the consummate egotism of the love that possessed her, as if the world was glad because she was glad. That everything around was touched with the wonder that enveloped her, and nature sang its Te Deum in response to the song that voicelessly welled up in her heart from daylight to dusk, and even till daylight again.

Suddenly she stretched out her hands, looking up into the blue above.

"Dear God," she said, speaking just as a little child might do to its mother, "I will be good; I will be good and try to keep it always clean, and sweet, and true—for Christ's sake." She ended her vow as she did her prayers.

There was a ringing sound of hoofs along the road that skirted the garden. A man got down at the gate, tied his horse to the post, and walked up the

(*Continued on page 292*)

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

At the Criterion Theatre

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Marguerite Leslie

Now playing, at the Criterion Theatre, the part of Marcelle in *A Night Out*, Mr. Charles Klein's adaptation of *L'Hôtel Libre-Échange*

(*Continued from page 290*)

path. The girl went towards him. She had been on the mount of transfiguration, and the light was still on her face.

He bent down silently and kissed her. The radiant expression on her face struck him curiously, and he experienced a distinct feeling of disappointment that she should appear happy on the eve of an indefinite separation.

"Lex," he said, holding her a little away from him, and looking at her closely, "this is the last time we shall have together for, perhaps, years. Do you realise it?"

She put her hand up and stroked back his hair. Her eyes were shining.

"I know," she said, nodding—"I know; but, even now that it has come to saying good-bye, I can think of nothing, feel nothing, but that I love you and you love me. Everything else is swallowed up in that. It is so wonderful!" She drew a deep breath. "We belong to each other for ever and ever! When I think of that I feel as if nothing could ever make me afraid. And as long as we care for each other nothing can harm us. Don't you feel that? It is like a sort of armour that protects us against sickness and trouble and disappointment, and when we wear it, nothing can touch us."

He listened, ashamed that he should have doubted. Then he caught her up in his arms in a sudden passion, kissing her lips and eyes and hair.

"Lexie," he said, "you will always remember while I am away that you belong to me, and that no other man has the right to lay a finger on you. You will keep yourself mine always, no matter how long the time, or how often you are tempted."

She straightened herself and stood before him, and for the moment, in the pride that filled her, she seemed almost as tall as her lover.

"I have given you everything," she said. "I can have nothing for anyone else."

. . . . .

And, in spite of it all, at the end of four years she was alone, hugging the broken pieces of an obviously clay idol to a heart that refused to relinquish the ideals bound up so inseparably in that clay.

The man had gone still further away—she did not quite know where. Anyhow, it was where he had no need of her, and he had told her so, in a manner that was more brutal than the circumstances merited.

And she stayed behind to answer questions as best she could, to smile when her eyes were blind with pain, and to listen to stories of his vices and his flirtations whispered into her unwilling ears by women who could no more resist stabbing than a nettle can help stinging.

But, through all her pain, she believed he would come back again. To an onlooker it appeared to be much more desirable that he should stay away, for the reputation he was building up was not a covetable one.

But, good or evil, she felt she was as much married to him by the vow she had taken, the promise she had given, and the years she had served by waiting, as if the actual ceremonials had been gone through.

There were times when she almost lost hold of her belief, and then she was in very dark waters indeed; for with it went the hope that he should ever pull himself together, and the thought of that which she had once known to be fair and honourable losing itself in the slough was an agony. But over all triumphed the conviction that he would return to himself and to her, and many nights she fell asleep on her knees beside the bed, repeating unceasingly the prayer, "Make him clean again, dear God; make him clean again."

After five years he came. She was in her little sitting-room that overlooked the garden in which they had said good-bye so long before. He walked in unannounced, and stood still, looking at her without speaking. At the sight of him she sank back into her chair, holding on to the arms of it as if she were afraid of falling.

He made a movement towards her.

"Lexie." The name burst from his lips in an entreaty. Then he drew back.

She stretched out her arms, and he ran to her, flinging himself down before her and burying his face in her lap.

She bent over him till her lips touched his hair.

"It is for ever and for ever," she whispered.

. . . . .

"But if it is a girl, sweetheart?"

She shook her head. "He will be a boy," she said with conviction, "and his name shall be John."

The man held her closely. It was his own name.

"Why?" he asked.

"It is the most beautiful name in all the world."

But he was not satisfied.

"Is that all?" he insisted.

She did not speak for a moment. Then she stroked his face and laughed softly.

"Shure and 'tis yer honor's own," she answered.

"Lexie," he said passionately, "aren't you afraid to call him after me? Aren't you afraid that he might grow up the sort of brute I have been?"

She put her hand over his mouth.

"Hush," she said, authoritatively, "you are not to speak like that. It hurts me, I can't bear it. There never was any time but the present, and every moment of it is a joy to me. You and I and he"—her voice lingered caressingly on the last word—"are going always to be happy together. I have asked that it shall be so, and when I was little I was taught that what was good for us would be given to us if *we* were good." She raised herself in his arms, speaking half in jest and half in earnest. "And I am good, aren't I, Jack? Say so."

He nodded without smiling. "You are the most wonderful girl in all the world," he said.

She lay back in his arms, and they were both silent for a while. Then she stirred and shivered slightly. He bent over her.

"What is it, dear?"

She put her arms up round his neck.

"If anything should happen to me," she began——

He broke in upon her roughly: 'Nothing will happen to you, nothing can happen to you—why should it? Other women get through all right."

His vehement anxiety restored her composure. When she saw how she troubled him she ceased speaking of what was in her mind, and hastened to reassure him.

(*Continued on page 294*)

Among the Purple Heather

On the Scottish Moors: A well-trained Pointer

Although the system of grouse-driving becomes more generally adopted every season, the old method of shooting over dogs is still largely in vogue, more especially on the rough and hilly ground of Scotland, where a good dog is a necessity to the grouse-shooter

Photos *Read*

Ready for the Day's Sport

The Twelfth of August is a notable day in the sportsman's diary, and this year it has come round with very fair prospects of good sport, in spite of unfavourable weather experienced during May and June. It is considered that the best sport will probably be enjoyed this season in the Highlands, where the grouse are plentiful and strong

(Continued from page 292)

"Of course I shall be all right," she said lightly, "I don't know why I should be so stupid. Bend your arm just a little bit more—yes, like that—it is easier to lie in, and tell me just this once, now it's getting dark, and there's no one to hear but me, that you love me almost as much as I love you."

. . . . .

There was a faint odour of chloroform in the still shuttered room. Through the closed windows, with their drawn blinds came a gentle twittering of sparrows housed in the ivy-covered gables without.

A tiny shaft of sunlight streamed in where one of the blinds had not been pulled down quite level with the sash, and from the road floated up the sound of children's voices, shouting and laughing at play.

But nothing disturbed the serenity of the quiet woman among the pillows in the big white bed. She lay perfectly still, her hands folded, and a happy, tender little smile playing round the corners of her mouth.

The door opened and a man came in and stood with his hands clenched, looking at the quiet figure and happy face. He looked at the dear hands, whose slightest touch was always a caress, at the lips he had kissed and denied, and kissed again, at the brave, true eyes that had wept for him and smiled for him as he had pleased to be cruel or kind. They were closed. Could they have opened upon him standing there, he knew how joyous they would have been.

He bent down. "Lexie," he whispered. He was very desolate. If only for one moment she would look at him, answer him, even just move her lips to show that she had heard.

He threw himself down in a frenzy on the bed beside her, he covered her cold hands with kisses, and tried to breathe life into her through her frozen lips.

But there was no answer. The Most Wonderful Girl in the World was trudging through the Eternal Fields with her baby tucked safely away in the hollow of her arm. For Providence had listened to her prayer for happiness, and decided to humour her, which it did in its own way, and perhaps the only way possible.

WINIFRED JAMES.

WORLDLY SHORT STORY—No. 89

Love's Young Dream

PHŒBE picked the sweet peas on one side of the hedge while I worked my way down the other. I did my best, but I cannot pick sweet peas as well as Phœbe does. That is not surprising; Phœbe is just twelve, and what Phœbe cannot do is very little worth doing. Presently, we came face to face, one on each side of the hedge.

"You've picked a bud," said Phœbe, very severely.

"I'm so sorry, Phœbe," I began, "but, surely, just one bud——"

"What did you say before you began: 'Picking sweet peas, surely that's simple enough.' And what did I say, Mister?" (I quailed under this horrible appellation, only used by Phœbe in her most censorious moods.) "I said, 'There are two ways of doing everything, a right and a wrong.' I heard our cook say that to Amelia Topsom, which is our tweeny maid—on the subject of peeling potatoes, it really was—but it does just as well for you."

"But, Phœbe—I am sorry—*dear* Phœbe, can a gentleman say more?"

"Um——," hesitated Phœbe—then in a moment, deciding to be gracious, "We all make mistakes sometimes," she was kind enough to add. "Here's a flower for your button-hole—a mauve one, as you are fairly old" (only seven-and-twenty then, I am prepared to swear); "it's a nice quiet colour. But don't say, in there, that I gave it to you"—with a nod in the direction of the house. "Don't boast about it, for instance, at lunch-time."

"Why, Phœbe?" I asked, for, as a rule, she makes no mystery of her favours. Phœbe hesitated, just perceptibly, and answered, with the nearest approach to a blush that I had seen during our intimacy:

"Well—Rupert's coming."

"Rupert! Ah!" I said, with interest, for Rupert was an object of wonder—a strangely favoured being. He was the successful candidate for Phœbe's young affections—had been so "for years," as she told me once, in a moment of rare confidence.

"Yes, he's coming with his mother." So this hero was still under maternal tutelage.

"How old is Rupert?" I asked.

"Twelve; same age as me."

"Charming — and . . . and . . . if I may ask such a question, what is the exact state of things?"

I stopped, thinking it would perhaps be indiscreet to proceed further, but Phœbe had hinted to me a kind of betrothal, with a plighting of troth and an exchange of tokens, and I wished to know how matters stood.

Phœbe was entirely frank.

"Oh, you mean about our engagement. Well, it's not broken off—oh, no! But we don't speak of it now—not in public; it mightn't quite do, you see; we are getting rather old for that sort of thing."

"Oh," I remarked, weakly. But Phœbe was too much occupied with her own thoughts to notice the inadequacy of my reply.

"Do you know," she said, "he isn't coming till lunch-time, and they are going to take him away after tea. They won't let him stay the night, because of school or something; isn't it silly?—and mean," she added, with emphasis.

"Barbarous," I assented.

"Never mind, never mind," pursued Phœbe, dreamily, more than half to herself. "I have got a plan for them; oh, yes, I have got a plan!"

"What is it?" I inquired hastily, for Phœbe's eyes had narrowed, and her face assumed an expression that I knew but too well. It was the expression of tricks and plots and plans and unutterable mischiefs. Therefore, I was apprehensive.

Alas, my haste was my undoing. Phœbe assumed a tone of elaborate carelessness.

(Continued on page 296)

A "Dress" Rehearsal

La Milo rehearsing the horse which she will ride in the Coventry Pageant when taking the much-discussed —and draped—part of Lady Godiva

(*Continued from page 294*)

"Wouldn't you like to know?"—very flippantly, then, "I hear the carriage; there he is," and she was off in a flash.

Rupert was attired in Etons. I must confess that, to me, he seemed but a commonplace child. In thoroughly watering his hair before leaving home, no doubt his intentions had been excellent, but he had not succeeded in quelling the unruly plume which almost invariably rears itself upon the heads of boys of his age. His shoes were dusty and unashamed, his hands not above reproach. He was of a sandy complexion, and addicted to putty. He was also the possessor of a pistol and a box of pink caps. As an offering to the lady of his heart, he brought a beetle, domiciled in a match-box, and four postage stamps—reputed rare.

In the course of the afternoon, I observed the fond lovers, by chance, from an upper window. They were strolling up and down the long terrace in front of the house. The borders were full of corncockles, flocks, large daisies, poppies, and other summer flowers. Every now and then they stopped to examine or pick a bloom, Phœbe like a butterfly in her white frock, and even the sandy Rupert not entirely at variance with his surroundings. He possessed the supreme advantage of extreme youth. I felt a passing uneasiness as Phœbe's undivulged "plan" recurred to my mind, and wondered if it had yet been put into execution.

Tea-time arrived, and brought with it Phœbe and Rupert, about whose deportment I noticed a curiously elaborate languor. This attitude excited no sympathy, nor any remark, except, indeed, an injunction to take his feet off the sofa, but it was persevered in as far as compatible with four cups of tea and strawberries and cream, not to mention more solid refreshment.

The hour of departure was at hand. Phœbe was obviously fidgety and nervous.

"Can't you do it? Won't it come?" she inquired of her beloved, in an anxious aside.

"No, Phœbe," he answered ruefully, "I *have* tried, but I am not in the least sleepy—let alone unconscious."

This was mysterious. I narrowly observed my young rival, but he was borne off without further developments, in vain endeavouring to induce slumber even in the act of departure.

. . . . . .

Walking down the long terrace, I came upon a severed poppy head lying on the gravel at my feet. It was somewhat mutilated, not possessing its full complement of little seeds; others oozed out on to my hand as I took it up and gently pressed it, together with a drop of milky sap; and its thick, unmistakable smell rose upon the air.

"Why did you tell me a story?" asked an angry Phœbe of me, with red cheeks and flashing eyes.

"I tell you a story . . . !"

"Yes, a wicked one, I mean. You said that if people eat poppy seeds they would go to sleep hard, because there's opium in them—go to sleep hard, like a log, you said."

"Well?"

"Well—I gave Rupert poppy seeds, to make him sleep like a log. Then they'd have had to let him stay all night. But he didn't go to sleep at all . . . and my lovely plan . . ."

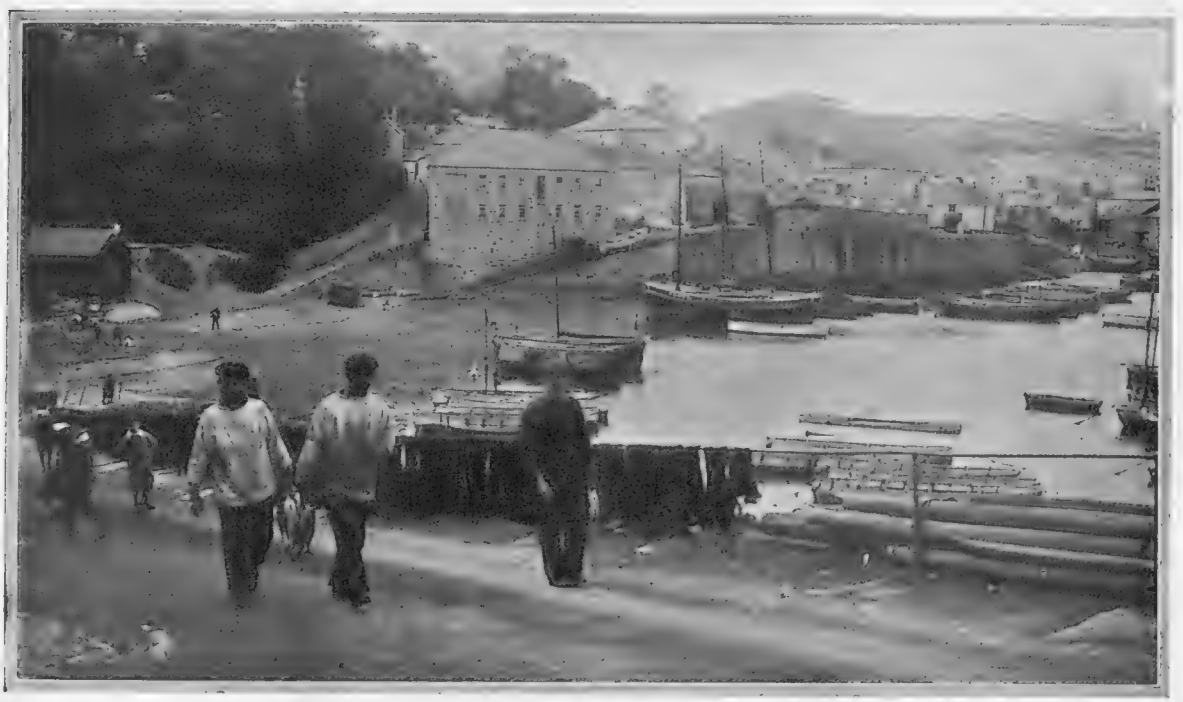
"How many seeds did you give him?" I inquired, with some anxiety.

"Three. I was afraid he might die if I gave him any more—I didn't want him to die." Phœbe's lip trembled. She turned away.

"Never mind, Phœbe, I'll play with you."

"You"—flinging upon me a glance of ineffable scorn—"I only sometimes amuse myself with you; I love him." And Phœbe fled from me, in tears.

WINIFRED JAMES.



HOMEWARD BOUND

(*A study of fisher life in Newlyn—not by Mr. Stanhope Forbes*)

"The Bystander" in the Far East

(10s. 6d. *is paid for every photograph of readers in distant parts published on this page*)

On a Houseboat on the Grand Canal near Tientsin

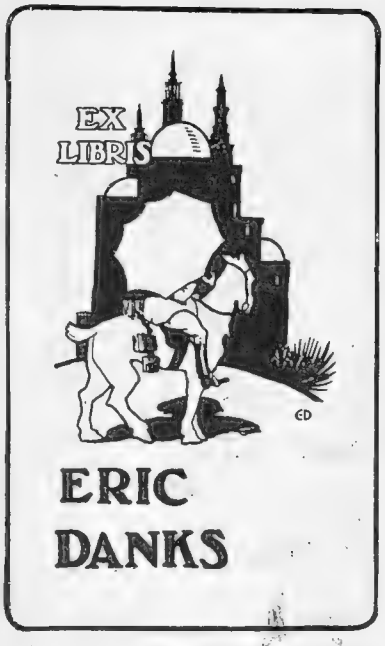
Mr. F. W. Pickwick, c/o Collins and Co., Tientsin, North China, writes: "The party depicted above are on a houseboat on the Grand Canal, north of Tientsin. The canal is one of the principal waterways of China, and connects Tientsin with Hangchow and Shanghai. Immense sums of money are spent every year by the Chinese Government in building up the banks to prevent the canal overflowing after the heavy rains, for the surrounding country is at a lower level than the canal"

Following "The Rake's Progress" in Singapore

The figures in this photograph, who include native police, Chinese detectives, and informers, are busy studying the pictures of "The Modern Rake's Progress," which appeared recently in The Bystander, and are trying to fathom their meaning. Sent by Mr. B. Bartels, Central Police Station, Singapore

CHARACTER IN BOOK-PLATES

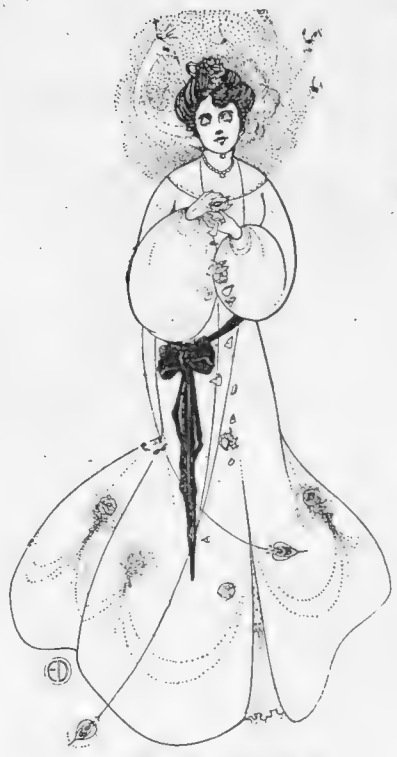
Keen artistic interest is being taken to-day in pictorial book-plates, which are now designed by skilled artists with a view to reflect the personality and tastes rather than the mere ancestry of the owner

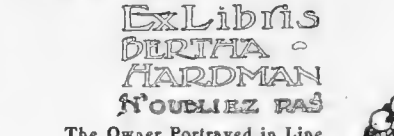


The Silhouette Book-Plate. An Oriental Travel Writer

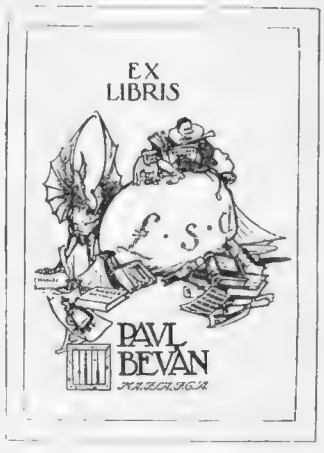
The Poetico-Humoristic Book-Plate. A Hint to Borrowers

A Book-Plate of "Decorative Symbolism"





The Owner Portrayed in Line

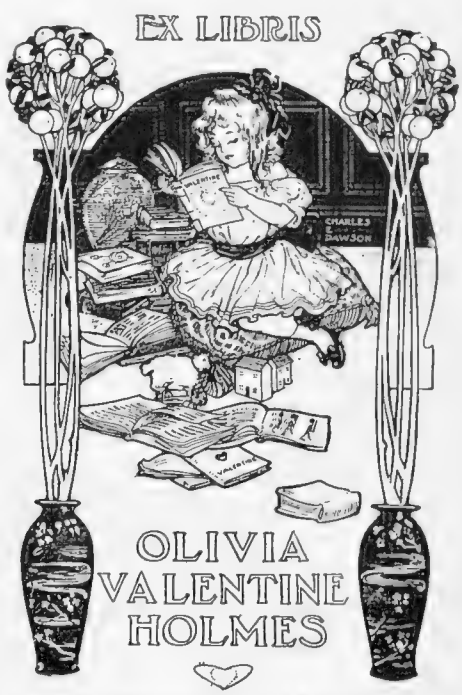


The Owner an Ogre! He is represented as keeping odious guard over his money-bags—his other tastes and habits suggested as relief

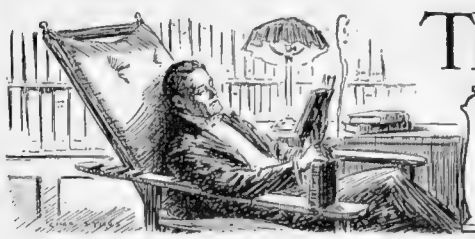
"Victoria Cross's" Book-Plate. (The Cupids suggest the amorous character of her works, which are piled up beside her)

Democracy has now invaded the sacred realm of the book-plate. Hitherto, the inscription inside a volume has been of a heraldic nature, intended to impress the borrower with the blueness of the possessor's blood. Now anybody can have a book-plate, and an artistic movement has sprung up with a view to designing these so as to reflect the taste and character of the owner. These specimens are from the work of Mr. Charles Dawson, "His Book of Book-Plates" (Otto Schulze and Co., Edinburgh)

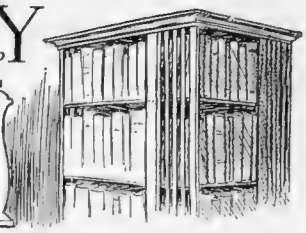
(Reproduced by kind permission of Mr. Charles E. Dawson, and published by Otto Schulze and Company, 20, South Frederick Street, Edinburgh)



The Book-Plate of a Child. A Beautiful Design



THE LIBRARY



Books to Order This Week

"Bachelor Betty." By Winifred James. (Constable: 6s.)
"The Marriage Lease." By Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson: 6s.)
"The Botor Chaperon." By Mr. and Mrs. Williamson. (Methuen: 6s.)

"This is a young person who is going to be famous some day."

The Young Woman From Down Under

Thus one of her many friends, speaking, in the book, of "Bachelor Betty," its heroine. Thus also the present writer, speaking here of the author of *Bachelor Betty*—Miss Winifred James. I am quite afraid she is going to be famous. She cannot help herself. She has come from Australia, and she has just put down what she saw, and thought, and felt on the way to England and in England, whom she met, by whom she was made love to, and by whom, ultimately, she was wed. As she is fetching in her candour, and bewitching in her personality—at least, she gives us to think that she is—Betty is bound to make success for, say, three more books, if Miss James likes to use her therein. I don't know but that, afterwards, we might not get a little tired of her. For Betty is a type of young woman who needs to handle herself very carefully if she would avoid ultimate slaughter. She is presented to us as the very last thing in femininity, pretty and bright, clever, observant, and oh, so healthy, so very, very healthy. What a contrast does she not afford beside, say, the young man in the book of the decadent habit, the languid, artificial poser, who loathes bread and butter and cake, and has a distinct *penchant* for criminals and lunatics and cripples—known as "The Oldest Man." And yet, while sharing Miss Betty's aversion to the obsolete type of this young man, I am inclined to think that exaggerated healthiness and simplicity may become in time quite as repellent to the general taste as exaggerated unhealthiness and complexity. Bachelor Betty, with her clubs, and her men friends, and her freedom of ideas, and her Colonial candour, her love of the country, her contempt for cant, and all the rest of her attributes, is all right in this year of grace 1907. I would not, however, nominate her for a very long run as a Favourite of Fiction.

The Double in Fiction

Chance, the Changeling (Greening: 6s.) shows the author, Mrs. Maude C. Knight, to possess some powers of imagination, and a decided eye to dramatic effect. The scope of the plot is wide, and the side issues are numerous enough to satisfy even the requirements of a serial story. Good use is made—though not by any means hackneyed use—of the idea of doubles. There are two sets of these in the story. The principal case is the close resemblance between one Sidney Protheroe, a respectable county magnate, married to a titled lady, and his disreputable brother. Some clever complications are evolved from this source. The second is the resemblance between two girls, owing to which one of them, posing as the other, is taken into a family as a "long-lost sister," much to the general confusion. Though, however, the element of chaos pervades the story generally, which is scarcely one to be "laid hold of" instantly by the casual reader, Mrs. Knight contrives to impart to each phase an element of excitement, and to arouse a degree of personal interest in each of her many characters. With a little more simplicity in the design, and a little more experience of the handling of the materials of fiction, Mrs. Knight should ultimately reach some distinction as a novelist.

Mrs. Craigie's Wisdom

The late Mrs. Craigie was a master of worldly sophistry, and had unusual power of expression. *Life and To-morrow* (Unwin: 6s.) is the title of a selection from her various works.

Photo] **Lord Rosebery's Gift to Edinburgh** *[Annan*

The historic mansion in the Lawnmarket, known as "Lady Stair's House," is in future to be used as a municipal museum, and has been put by Lord Rosebery into a thorough state of repair and restoration

"Love," "Men and Women," "Friendship," "Ideals," and "Politics" are some of the subjects dealt with, and Mrs. Craigie's views on these are undeniably interesting, as must inevitably be those of so well-informed and witty a woman of the world.

Literature and State Pensions

That Literature should have been so conspicuously noticed in the recent Honours is one of the most welcome of the minor acts of the present Government, and one which has introduced a needed new note into these generally uninspired catalogues. Certainly nobody, whatever their principles, will really object to the pension granted to "Ouida" (Mlle. de la Ramée), even if the novelist's condition be not nearly so bad as the papers have represented. The fact that, in her zenith, "Ouida" lived in the lap of luxury on the proceeds of her tremendously popular novels, may suggest to some people an objection to her being, at the present juncture, "protected" by the State against the natural consequences of extravagance. They may regard the pension as the placing of a premium on prodigality at the expense of the taxpayer. But there will be such voices heard on every occasion on which the State throws aside high-and-dry principle and becomes human, and their net effect is never serious. When a nation hears of a "Ouida" starving and homeless, or an Ibsen in want —the Norwegian dramatist was a pensioner — then it is somebody's business to do something, as a last resort that of the taxpayer, who would every whit as soon pay to preserve a poet as a pump. Of course, there must always be something rather invidious in the system of State grants to men of letters and artists. "If A, why not B?" is the question that must inevitably rise to the lips. It is to my mind a little regrettable that the details of State grants are made public at all. If it were left to the discretion of the Treasury to pry and peer into the literary world a little more, awarding grants just where circumstances seemed to justify them, and using a little judicious embezzlement in entering them up, much more real good might be done than under the present system. If the Treasury should stand in need of any advice or assistance in the gentle art of thus misrepresenting the uses of public money, any War Office official could at once oblige with it.

A Parsee Biographer

Miss Aimai M. B. Cooper, who has just written a biography, in English, of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Miss Cooper is a Parsee, of remarkable attainments, and is the only Indian native medical practitioner in England

The Terminable Marriage

The Marriage Lease is the title of Mr. Frankfort Moore's new novel, which will be published immediately by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. It deals with a certain community determined to try the experiment of introducing a contract of marriage which terminates automatically at the end of a short term of years. It might be described as the story of a comedy that was played seriously, for it is fruitful of amusing episodes, though the startling innovation is accepted very seriously by the people themselves.

A Parsee Biographer

Biographies of Royal personages by members of their *entourage* abound, and are not always of special public interest. I should, however, like to put in a word for a very charming short biography of the Prince and Princess of Wales which has been written by a Parsee admirer of their Royal Highnesses, Miss Aimai M. B. Cooper, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., L.M.—the only Indian lady medical practitioner in England, by the way. Miss Cooper (the name is the translation of the Parsee name of the same meaning) has done her pleasing task with great taste and picturesqueness of style. The book abounds in anecdotes, quite unfamiliar to me, of the earlier doings of the Prince, and it is illustrated with some excellent photographs. (Horsley Brothers.) VIVIAN CARTER.

"My Devonshire Book"

The author of "Cornish Saints and Sinners" has set out in *My Devonshire Book* (*Western Morning News*: 3*s.* 6*d.* net) to give, as he himself says, "Samples of a great county, rich in many things; and of a people, brave, courteous, and hospitable." A year or two ago, before the taste for pageants and for knowing so much of our ancient history as we could be proud of came upon us, some of us were content to wander over the moors and down the combes, by the side of brawling streams, to eat wortleberries and junket and cream, to experience the many sensations which only come to one in Devonshire, without being very curious as to the part it has played in the history of England. Now we are grateful to Mr. J. Henry Harris for having collected so much of this history as is here presented. Devon's influence on the fate of England has been by no means negligible, as the mere mention of two such names as Sir Francis Drake and Sir Walter Raleigh is sufficient to show. Above all it is—and always has been—the cradle of a race of sturdy, upright seamen, who represent, perhaps, that type of English backbone which has done more than anything else to make England what it is. Mr. Harris sketches the country with a fluent pen, and there is no end to the stories he puts in the mouths of the blunt, hearty folk who people it. The book is well illustrated with thirty photographs, printed on art paper. H. F.

COWES WEEK
SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT
SEE THIS WEEK'S "GRAPHIC"

Hermit No Longer

Seoul, the Capital of Korea, the Emperor of which has Abdicated to make way for his Japanese Masters

Next to Lhasa, Seoul is, perhaps, the quaintest and most exclusive capital in the world. It dates back to 400 B.C., in which year began the dynasty of the Emperor who has just abdicated. Stone walls, about eighteen feet high, surround the city, which has eight picturesque gateways. The native houses are about eight feet high, of brick or mud. In the centre of the city are the Christian Church and one or two modern buildings. The rest of the town, however, is strictly Oriental—which means strictly filthy and insanitary. The photograph is interesting. A very few years of Japanese rule will, we doubt not, effect great changes in Seoul—in fact, already there are many new buildings in progress of erection

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Decadence of Amateur Play

This year the deterioration in the standard of amateur play has been even more marked than it was in 1906. There was, to be sure, no such lamentable exhibition in the final of the Amateur Championship as occurred at Hoylake, but the performance of the leading amateurs when compared with that of the professionals makes but a poor show. We seem, in golf, to have reached a phase similar to that confronting our lawn-tennis players. The old players, who have lasted wonderfully well in both games, are either getting past their work or are losing their keenness, while hardly any young players of the first rank are coming on. Luckily (in one sense) for them our lawn-tennis players have no professionals to compare with them, what few professional lawn-tennis players there are being inferior to the best amateurs. But in our game the professional is now even more ahead of his amateur rival than he was a year or two ago. This year very few amateurs competed at Hoylake, and of these few only four qualified for the final stage. I can remember years when a goodly band of amateurs used to compete, and when one or two of this number ran the winner very close. But nowadays the professional hordes have got so numerous that the amateur seems discouraged and leaves the Open Championship severely alone.

An "Open" Championship

The result of this abstention is that amateurs do not get tested against the professionals, and lose the benefit of this training. It is a pity that this should be so, for it leads to a strengthening of a misconception about the Open Championship. That competition is now considered as belonging entirely to the professionals. Its title, however, lends no authority to this idea, and makes it a tournament open to all ranks of players. It would be a pity if this great competition should come to be considered as confined to professionals, for I think that it is an occasion when a really good amateur can put himself to the test and improve his play by meeting the best men of the day. But the reluctance of amateurs to enter for the Open Championship is an effect and not a cause of their present poor standard of play. If such reluctance continues it may, in its turn, become a cause of poor play on their part for lack of supreme testing opportunity. But the explanation of their poor play must lie deeper than this. There must be some inherent conception of the game among amateurs which differentiates them from the professionals. It is no reply to say that the professional is always at it, and so gets more practice. This may be so in other games, but it is emphatically not so in golf. The leading amateurs play just as often as the professionals, and have just as many opportunities of bettering their game.

Not Taken Seriously

The cause, therefore, is not lack of time or opportunity. Is it lack of keenness, then, which is blighting the amateur prospects? Here, I think, we begin to touch the root of the evil.

The amateur of the present day refuses, apparently, to take golf seriously enough. I am all with those who object to making too serious a business of a mere game. But I do believe in doing with all your might whatever you may try to do, whether it be the game of life or the game of golf. Here is where the present-day amateur seems to me to fail. He rarely plays matches against men of his own calibre, but prefers to play with a man to whom he has to concede long odds. Those who may doubt this fact are begged to consider how often they have seen the best players in their club playing against each other. Occasionally during the Amateur Championship, those who have fallen out in the early rounds have friendly matches, but during the rest of the year it is rare to find them fighting out a good battle with each other. They can't be bothered to stand the strain of a serious encounter with a player of their own standing.

The Natural Result

The natural result of this slackness is seen when they do have to pull themselves together for a great effort against a keen antagonist. As a rule, they go lamentably to pieces. They consider the game as a means of amusement, and refuse to take it seriously. Then why have Amateur Championships, International Matches, St. George's Cups, and other great competitions? For such events as these, it is surely not asking too much of our amateurs to require them to give up a few of the joys of life, and to make themselves as fit as possible for the test that awaits them. They should take a leaf out of the book of the rowing man, who, for some weeks before a great race, gives up a great many comforts for the honour of his club. Naturally, I am not comparing the two forms of sport. Golf requires a very moderate form of training, and one would, therefore, suppose that it ought not to be hard for our amateurs to observe that moderation. But I have seen very few signs of it as yet, and can have very little hope of a marked improvement in amateur play till the amateurs recognise that, for a serious competition, it is essential that the proper form of training should be rigidly practised.

I should also like to see more matches organised by clubs between leading amateurs in their district, so as to encourage the best players to test themselves against players of their own calibre. The whole subject of amateur play and its decadence is a question of much intricacy and difficulty, and I have only touched the fringe of it.

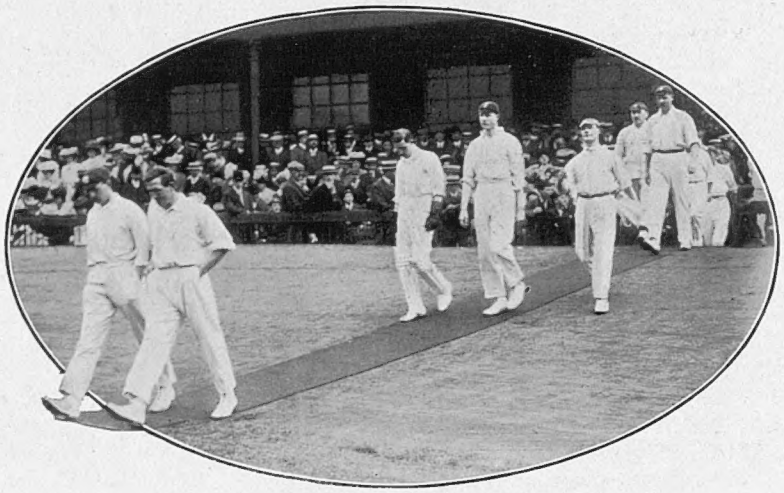
ERNEST LEHMANN.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

CRICKET

The Treatment of Turf

The question as to the soundness of the methods by which cricket pitches, golf greens, lawn tennis courts, croquet lawns, and so forth, are brought nowadays to such a high standard of excellence all over the country is one that is becoming increasingly prominent, and a brief discussion of it, in view of recent events, would seem appropriate. Of course, everything that improves the conditions under which a game is played makes for the improvement of the game itself; but, unfortunately, it is becoming too evident—in a season which has not been too conspicuous for its dryness — that the various measures which are now adopted to reduce turf to the levelness and smoothness of the proverbial billiard table are successful only so long as the weather is fine. When it is wet, they undoubtedly serve to prolong the time which it takes to recover and become playable after the rain has ceased.



Left to right: Foster, Fry, Lilley, Knox, Jessop, Hayward

The Great Test Match: England going out to field

The match resulted in a win for England by 53 runs

The Lord's Incident

The recent "incident" at Lord's, in connection with the Middlesex *v.* Lancashire cricket match, is a case in point. Several things probably contributed to the disgust of the crowd at the abandonment of the match; and, although I do not applaud them for showing it in the manner they did, I think it quite likely that, taking the amount of rain that had actually fallen into consideration, they quite thought that play would be possible later on, and were flabbergasted at the announcement that the match was off. They did not realise that the highly scientific treatment to which the pitch had been subjected had robbed it of nearly all its drying power—so much so that Mr. Maclaren was apparently of opinion that it would remain unplayable, not only for that day, but for the whole of the next.

Too Much Roller

I am, therefore, very glad to find that Mr. R. D. Walker has taken the matter up. In a letter to the *Field* of July 27, he condemns "the absurd use of the mowing machine and the heavy roller," the effect of which is that the blades of grass are first shaved down to nothing and then pressed down so tightly that when heavy rain comes it is impossible for the water to run off. "In the early spring months," says Mr. Walker, "the heavy roller can do no harm. After the cricket season begins it should be consigned to its shed," and an editorial comment on this letter by the *Field* alludes to "the modern fashion of preparing cricket pitches in such

South Africans v. England at Leeds: Faulkner bowling to Jessop

Jessop was nearly stumped first ball, and was caught at the wicket second ball

a manner as to make them the worst part of the ground in wet weather." One sees the same thing in lawn tennis, and only a short time ago I had occasion to write "in another place" of the way in which a well-known tournament ground had been rendered hopelessly unplayable for a period of two days or more, owing to the laudable but misguided manner in which it had been rolled and rolled with the heavy roller; while other courts in the neighbourhood, which had not been so rigorously prepared, were in use a few hours after the rain had ceased.

The Harmless, Necessary Worm

Another practice to which I am much averse is the use of worm-killer. I know that here I am in a hopeless minority, but I am convinced that it will only need a little time to bring a great many round to my way of thinking. Worms provide the best, and, in fact, the only natural means of draining and aerating the soil, and although I know that I am laughed at because I do not regard worms as vermin which ought to be exterminated, yet I comfort myself with the reflection that when man starts in to improve upon nature he generally makes a mess of it. The next stage in the evolution of these beautiful but unserviceable stretches of turf will involve the protection of them by glass roofing or some such device from anything heavier than a mere sprinkle. But perhaps before this ground-men, managers, and committees will come to their senses.

LAWN TENNIS

Edgbaston Echoes

In view of the fact that he plays so seldom in England, and that earlier in the season at the Irish Championship meeting he had beaten M. J. G. Ritchie, the fortunes of J. C. Parke, the Irish crack, at the Edgbaston Tournament, where he and another good Irishman (J. F. Stokes) were competing, were followed with interest. In the Singles, Parke reached the final, beating, among others, E. V. Jones (one of the best men in the Midlands, despite the fact that he has but little leisure for open tournament play), and in the final he put up a very good fight against J. M. Boucher. The match ran to four sets, of which Parke won the second at 10—8 and only lost the last at 5—7, a very good performance; for Boucher was playing well, and Boucher in form is nearly as hard a man to beat as his prototype, S. H. Smith. Smith, by the way, was playing the unaccustomed part of a spectator at the Shanklin Tournament last week, but Mrs. Smith was playing in a couple of events. To return to Edgbaston, Parke and Stokes, in the Doubles, hardly played up to their reputation, for they were beaten quite easily in the second round by the brothers F. L. and B. L. Burges, who, though they both play for Warwickshire, do not regard themselves as a pair in the true sense of the term. Moreover, in the Irish Championships, these same two pairs met in the second round, and Parke and Stokes won in straight sets (6—4, 6—4, 6—4), and were ultimately only just beaten in the final by T. D. Good and H. N. Craig; so that the Burges's win at Edgbaston was quite a neat bit of table-turning, and does them great credit. In the next round, however, they went down to the brothers A. H. and F. G. Lowe, who in their turn were beaten somewhat easily in the final by Boucher and Jones. In the Mixed Doubles, Parke, playing with Miss Garfit, reached the final, where the pair were beaten by Jones and Mrs. Sterry, who had previously beaten a strong pair in Boucher and Miss Boucher. Mrs. Sterry also won the Ladies' Singles, after a fairly close match with Miss Greene in the final. One of the surprises of the tournament was the defeat of F. G. Lowe by the Midlander, R. Rose. But F. G. Lowe is rather apt to lose to men whom he ought to beat, especially when the conditions are unfavourable, and when this match took place, it had been raining hard for the greater part of the day.

"Longer than a Lawn Tennis Court:" Messrs. Heal's Artistic Advertisement at Finsbury Park

Messrs. Heal have long been known for their tasteful and effective schemes in advertising, and the hoarding which has recently been erected at Finsbury Park Station shows their latest effort in this direction. The colouring is green, blue, and white; the height, 6ft.; and the length, 85ft., or 7ft. longer than a lawn tennis court

Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The race for the British International Club Trophy took place last Friday, but as this paper had to go to press earlier than usual owing to the holidays, the results were not known at the time of writing. A large crowd assembled on the *Enchantress* the previous Saturday to witness the eliminating race between three Daimler boats belonging to Lord Howard de Walden and the Wolseley boat, *Flying Fish*, the property of Mr. Lionel de Rothschild. Unfortunately for the holder, Mr. de Rothschild, his engine gave trouble, and after the third round he retired, so that, as only the first three to finish were selected, the motor-boat reputation of this country was left in the hands of Lord Howard de Walden and his fleet. The American boat *Dixie*, of which so much has been heard—from America—has had to be altered somewhat to comply with regulations, but experts did not hold a very high opinion of her chances. Talking of motor-boats, I must not omit to draw attention to the fact that members of the Motor Club have joined forces with the Motor Yacht Club, the members of either club enjoying all the advantages and privileges of the other. The *Enchantress* has been greatly improved, and is now a magnificent floating club-house. A good number of bedrooms can be obtained, and the accommodation throughout is excellent. There is, of course, telephonic communication with the shore.

A 16 h.-p. Reo, with a Removable Shooting Body

This standard 16 h.-p. Reo car is fitted with a removable body for shooting parties, giving ample accommodation for six persons, game, guns, dogs, etc.

* * *

I have been favoured by Mr. Weigel with interesting particulars of the Ardennes race. De Caters, on a Mercédès, won, though Lee Guinness, on a Darracq, was only a minute and a few seconds behind. The race was boycotted by the French, whose idea is to have very few races, and they say that whatever races they enter for must take place on French soil. The winner, De Caters, had mechanical trouble throughout, more or less, particularly with his non-return pressure valve. Lee Guinness had tyre troubles and inlet valve bother during his last lap. Jenatzy, on a Mercédès, had a seized inlet valve and other mechanical ill-luck; while the Weigel cars had misfortune with their tyres, using no less than twenty-four tyres, so that at the end of the sixth round they had no more tyres to use. The average of the winner was fifty-seven miles, a poor achievement anyway, while the side-light thrown on the troubles of the competitors proves what little real value can be attached to races of this nature.

* * *

British-made cars do not seem to be entering for the Brooklands races as one would expect of them. The Napier cars have been prominent, beating Continental manufacturers right and left, but where are the others? The Weigel cars, about which Mr. Weigel waxes so enthusiastic, and which, apparently, have not won races owing to misfortunes quite unconnected with their design, have not yet shown their noses at

60 H.-P. MERCÉDÈS, side entrance, *guaranteed* in first-class order, £750; 10-12 H.-P. DE DION, side entrance, sliding gears, detachable top, £250; and five other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD, Ltd. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W.

Car-icature—No. XXXVIII.: Mr. Claude Johnson

The first Secretary of the A.C.G.B. and I.—now the Royal Automobile Club—he has done yeoman service for the motorist cause. He is now associated with the Hon. C. S. Rolls in the manufacture of the famous Rolls-Royce cars

(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

The *British Australasian* says: "In silent and luxurious running, the WESTINGHOUSE can only be classed with the very finest automobiles in existence."—Sole Concessionnaires: A. GAAL & Co., 17, Hanover Sq., London, W Telephone: 2761 Mayfair.

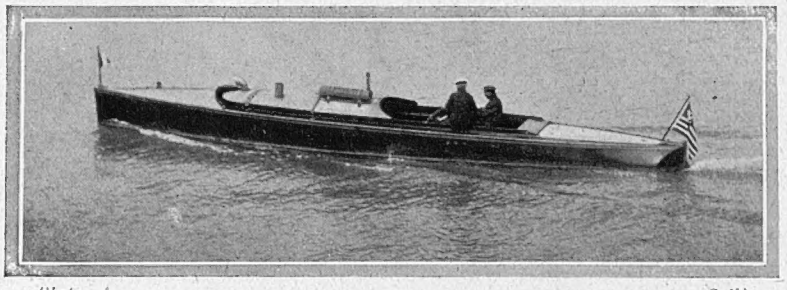


Photo *Cribb*

The International Boat Races at Cowes

Dixie, the American motor-boat sent over to try and win the trophy from the English, going quietly at Southampton; she is 150 h.-p., and has eight cylinders

Brooklands. On Bank Holiday, besides Napiers, the only British-made car entered to uphold the honour of England is a Thorneycroft. By-the-by, I hope the Club will hold a race for cars costing less than £200 complete. The public would be interested in such a race. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXXVIII.: Mr. Claude Johnson

It is a matter of extreme difficulty to estimate the indebtedness of the automobile movement to Mr. Claude Johnson, the subject of this week's Car-icature. As the first secretary of the A.C.G.B. and I.—now the Royal Automobile Club—as organiser of the famous 1,000 miles reliability run in 1900, and as the representative of Great Britain on the International Commission for the Gordon Bennett races of 1900, 1901, and 1902, Mr. Claude Johnson did yeoman service and displayed an aptitude, a foresight, and a power of organisation which compelled tributes of admiration from all with whom he came in contact. Mr. Claude Johnson retired from the secretaryship of the Automobile Club in 1903, and has since devoted himself to the advancement of the motor movement along commercial lines. With the Hon. C. S. Rolls—with whom he is associated in business—he has done good work in demonstrating the points of the six-cylinder engine. At the moment when readers of THE BYSTANDER open this issue one of the six-cylinder 40-50 h.-p. Rolls-Royce cars—the "Silver Ghost," to wit—is about to complete the maximum long-distance non-stop run allowed by the rules of the R.A.C.—15,000 miles—and at the time of writing that car has broken all records by travelling 10,500 miles without a stop. It is largely due to Mr. Claude Johnson's management that this splendid result has been achieved, and his many friends are naturally profuse in their congratulations. D. M.

MOTOR-CAR DRIVING AND MECHANISM for Ladies or Gentlemen given at an inclusive fee at the Victoria Street Garage and Showrooms, 94, Victoria Street, Westminster, various types of Cars being used for this purpose. Motor-cars for Hire.

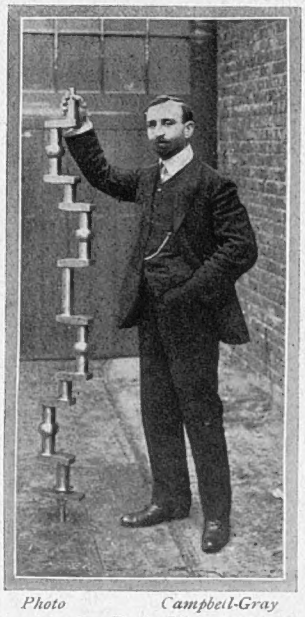


Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Mr. D. M. Weigel

The maker of the well-known Weigel cars, holding the crank-shaft of his Grand Prix racer

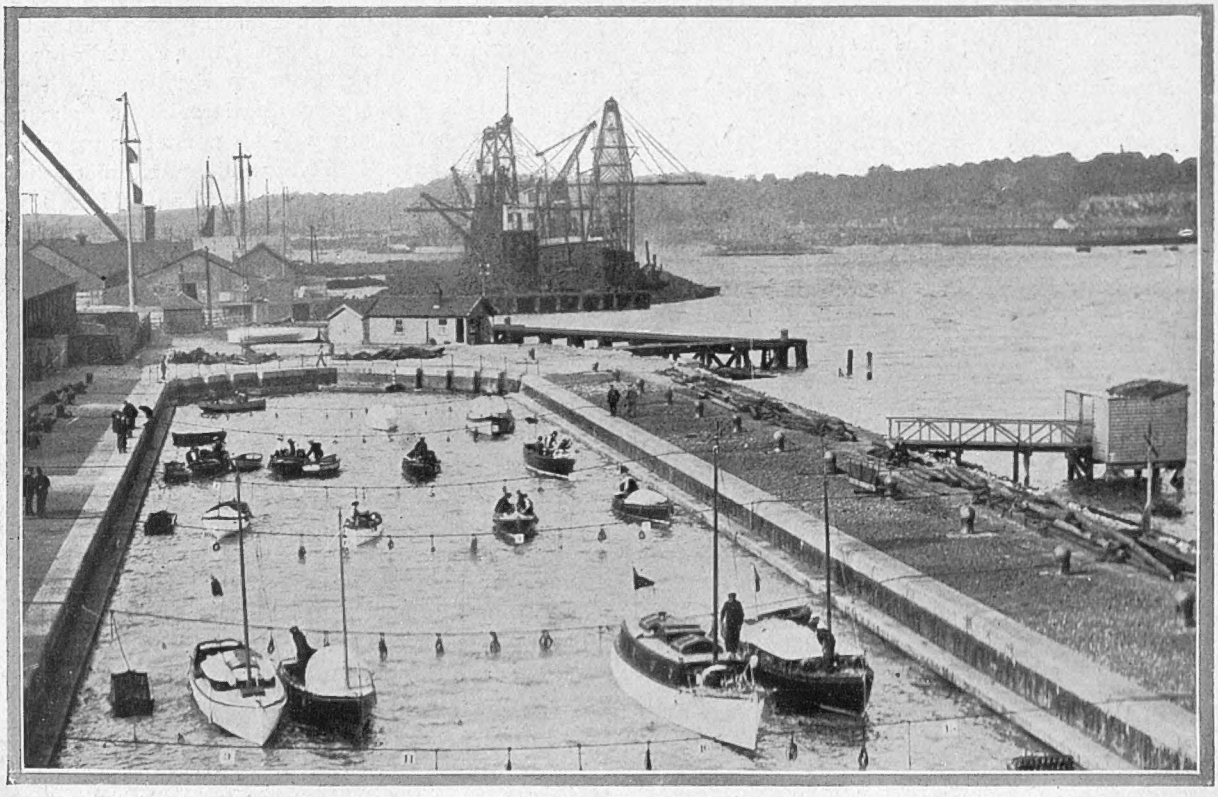


Photo *Topical Agency*

The International Motor-Boat Races at Southampton: A general view of the boats in dock